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Mr. Attlee's Unanswered Question

MR. ATTLEE'S question whether President Eisenhower is more influential than Senator McCarthy in shaping American policy was much more than a flash of debater's rhetoric. Since the President took office in January he has faced several direct challenges by McCarthy. Each time it was rumoured that the President was at last ready for a showdown, that the weight of the Administration would be thrown against McCarthy in Congress, and even that the Department of Justice would take action on its McCarthy file. Yet each time it has been the President who gave ground. The precedent was established during the election campaign, when Mr. Eisenhower was forced to endorse the Wisconsin Senator and, at McCarthy's request, to delete a kindly reference to General Marshall from a prepared speech. It is being followed by similar concessions, though policy, not votes, is now at stake.

Such weakness cannot be simply explained by the fear that McCarthy induces in professional politicians. The President may be finding that politics is both dirtier and more complicated than he knew, but he is not a weakling, to be intimidated by threats of personal slander and abuse. If McCarthy were merely a vituperous demagogue, it would not be difficult for the President to ignore or defeat him. The unpalatable truth is that McCarthy now wields so much power that even the President must listen when he speaks.

It has taken McCarthy's tirade against Mr. Attlee, coupled with his threat to slice further aid to Britain, to make the complacent English understand McCarthyism. It was conventional to describe him as a grotesque and unpleasant feature of American public life; to suggest that he represented something more was resented and ridiculed as a sign of anti-Americanism. The peculiar defect of British liberalism is that it insists on explaining world events in terms of good and wicked personalities; it is continuously astonished by the discovery that individuals are only important in so far as they express the underlying forces at work in society.

Publicity may focus too much upon McCarthy as an individual, and too little as a social phenomenon in cold war America. In his time Adolf Hitler—the Schickelgruber of the music halls—was dismissed as a comic adventurer. So he might have remained had not the Ruhr industrialists and the Prussian officers, who sneered at him in private and backed him in public, found in him the instrument of their purpose. They complacently permitted him to build a mass following, and did not foresee that the demagogue would become more powerful than his masters.

Though no one would press a comparison between Weimar Germany and America to-day, the Hitler-McCarthy analogy is disturbingly apt. Contempt and ridicule will no more stop McCarthy's bid for power than they served to stop Hitler from becoming Chancellor. McCarthy has so far risen because he found the right formula: it not only attracts great popular support, but it also accords broadly with the objectives of powerful interests in contemporary America. They may, at times, disapprove of his crude methods, just as many German Nationalists found Hitler's techniques distasteful. But they do not oppose him. They flatter him, and their power, joined to his influence, has loosed an avalanche that will overwhelm everything that is liberal and decent in American life, unless it is soon stopped.

It is an alliance whose precise form shifts and changes as it encounters rocks and crevasses on the slippery slope. But it includes a substantial part of American Roman Catholicism, many American industrialists—organised, for instance, in the National Association of Manufacturers and the Chambers of Commerce—and their spokesmen in both parties, the Dixiecrats and their new oil and industrial supporters in the South, and, of course, a host of satellite pressure groups, from the American Legion to the Hearst newspapers. It is anti-Communism that binds these social forces together. It is a deep social malaise that finds the same outlet in anti-Communism as that which so many Germans found in anti-Semitism.

McCarthy has come closer than any other politician to fulfilling Huey Long's prophecy that American democracy would be destroyed in the name of democracy. But

even if he had never left his farm in Wisconsin, the crisis that has given him his opportunity would have thrown up others cast in a similar mould. It is all very well to call on President Eisenhower to put the upstart Senator in his place. That may yet be done, as McCarthy's own excesses evoke growing opposition. But the real challenge does not come from an ambitious individual: it comes from the sources of power from which he draws his strength. If it is to be met, there must be a counter-alliance of American democrats. It is, in the end, the American trade unionists, farmers and the liberal middle class who will suffer most if McCarthy triumphs. They alone have the power, if they have the will, to defeat him. They are also Britain's best and natural allies.

Continuing Tension in Egypt

Anglo-Egyptian tension has neither increased nor decreased during the week: it remains very great. In spite of darkly hopeful hints of compromise from some British observers, General Neguib himself so far appears uncompromising on the central issue of Egyptian sovereignty. Indeed, most of his reported utterances in the last few days, as well as those of other members of the Junta, have been calls to the Egyptian people, at the onset of Ramadan, to dedicate themselves to the cause of independence and to prepare for conditions of siege and violence. Meanwhile, in the Canal Zone, the British command has reacted to the new situation—inevitably but still provocatively—by once again establishing check posts on the roads, and searching Egyptian civilians. Unless some sort of new political emollient is made available in the near future, the existing friction must, before long, kindle a spark which may touch off an explosion. For the moment, both sides are doubtless trying to keep a damper on their inflammable material until Mr. Dulles returns to Washington after his Middle East tour. His visit to Cairo was not a great success in the eyes of either the British or the Egyptians. The Egyptians were convinced from his words about the necessity of maintaining the Suez base that he was hand in glove with Downing Street; while the British were infuriated by the incident of the pistol and the warmth with which he greeted General Neguib as an "outstanding free-world leader." There is, however, no doubt that a concerted effort has been made by all the Arab countries to impress Mr. Dulles with the villainy of Britain. Both sides are now waiting to see whether Mr. Dulles will feel able, when he has reflected on his tour, to take any initiative to help either Neguib or the British out of their dilemma. The trump card which he, and nobody else, can play is the promise of dollar aid. Not even Neguib is going to fling away his chance of that without careful thought.

The Kenya Terror

We have moved a long way since the whole country was horrified at the boasts of Mussolini's airman son that he had successfully killed savage Abyssinians from the air. Today the newspapers report without comment the statement of an R.A.F. pilot that he has dropped "20-pound anti-personnel bombs" on a Mau Mau encampment: they fell "slap on the target" and must "have got a number of terrorists." The fact that the war in Kenya is nothing but an effort to put down a revolutionary rising of Kikuyu against what they regard as servile conditions (a sentiment shared by many other African tribes) is rapidly being forgotten. Mr. Lyttelton, on his visit to Kenya, seems to have resisted the settlers' demands for even more summary justice—which could only mean, in practice, that any European officer could legally shoot any Kikuyu suspected of hostile intentions. He also promised to make full inquiry into any specific charges of European murders in Kenya; a barrister who collects evidence of this type, by a remarkable coincidence, is immediately discovered to be subversive and expelled from the Colony. (We publish in our Correspondence columns an account of these events by Mr. Peter Evans himself; nothing that is said against Mr. Evans personally can alter the fact that his allegations are important and should be investigated.) Under General Hinde's direction the Kenya struggle is becoming something more like an organised war in which the principal fighting is between the Mau Mau, now organised in bodies of several hundred, and groups of Home Guard Kikuyu who have been killed in considerable numbers. The number of Kikuyu who are fighting the Mau Mau are doing so, not on behalf of the British but to suppress the evil and often primitive and reactionary forces in their own midst. When the Mau Mau is finally suppressed, the Kikuyu Resistance will suffer from just the same land hunger and other grievances that the Kikuyu have in the past. They too will be found to be African nationalists and patriotic Kikuyu, who will want economic reform and at least the prospect of political emancipation. Statements so far emanating from Kenya do not suggest that constructive thinking is in progress to meet this or any other contingency.

Pause at Panmunjon

The further adjournment, until Monday, of the truce talks, requested "on administrative grounds" by the U.N. side, suggests that, following General Harrison's visit to Tokyo, reference to top-level quarters in Washington has been deemed advisable. This, in turn, inspires hopes that the Americans may after all be considering the acceptance of a prisoner scheme much closer than their last offer to the resolution sponsored last December by India and passed in the General Assembly by an overwhelming majority. It seems reasonable to suppose that the disappointment which Mr. Nehru has openly expressed at the American departure from these terms—coupled, we imagine, with representations from Britain and other U.N. members—has made an impression on the State Department. General Harrison's proposal that all North Korean prisoners who declined immediate repatriation should forthwith be released in South Korea was possibly a "try-on," aimed at reducing to more manageable proportions the numbers who would come into the charge of the neutral commission. At the Panmunjon meeting on May 16, General Nam Il made it plain that his side was not prepared to differentiate between North Koreans and Chinese, though he indicated that he might be prepared to agree to some of the detailed modifications in his plan which the Americans desired—e.g., that the military force to guard the prisoners under the neutral commission's direction should be supplied by India alone. If the Americans concede the principle that *all* the prisoners should be for a time under neutral supervision, with reasonable access given to delegates from their own nations, there seems no reason to fear deadlock over the length of the period of detention or any of the administrative problems involved. With Manchuria now the focal point in Chinese economic planning, the Communists have solid reasons to want a truce. We find it hard to believe that the Americans do not share the deep desire on their own side to secure an end to bloodshed in a struggle in which arms alone can produce no decisive solution.

M. Mayer in Peril

As we went to press, the National Assembly in Paris was due to vote death or a further precarious lease of life for M. Mayer's Government. Faced with a prospective Budget deficit of at least £800m, a new wave of strikes in key industries, and signs of revolt within his own Cabinet, the Premier had decided, with good reason, to make his demand for powers to effect economies by Decree Law a question of confidence. Whether he would secure a majority on this issue from a clearly recalcitrant Assembly seemed doubtful, though there was a possibility that, released from General de Gaulle's direction, some of the R.P.F. Deputies might vote for the Government, and the post of Prime Minister could hardly seem enviable at the moment—even to M. Pinay. If the Government falls, it will once again be a case of defeat on a domestic problem rendered insoluble by fundamentally unsound foreign policy. There would be no insurmountable difficulty in balancing the French Budget or in reversing the present downward trend in French productivity, to which M. Pierre Cot drew forcible attention in this week's debate, if it were not that the French economy is bleeding to death in a futile effort both to supply General Gruenther with the promised number of divisions for service in Europe and simultaneously to wage a hopeless colonial war in Viet Nam.

The Guillebaud Committee

When Labour Members, led by Mr. Bevan, attacked the original announcement of the setting up of the Guillebaud Committee, their grounds were cogent: it was fair to deduce from the Committee's terms of reference (and from the Government's general attitude towards the N.H.S.) that the function of the Committee was to reduce the scope of the Health Service or to increase the charges payable by the patient. As a result of Parliamentary protests, the T.U.C. queried these terms of reference before it would agree to nominate a member to serve on the Committee; and, in the face of that potentially formidable threat, the Minister retreated from his earlier position, to the extent of giving an assurance that he would not insist on the Committee's limiting its assumptions to a fixed ceiling of cost. Thus, part of the Opposition's purpose had been achieved before last

Monday's Commons debate. So far as the matter remained in doubt, Mr. Bevan's exposure of the old strategem, by which Governments sometimes seek the mantle of outside endorsement for their own disreputable decisions, goes a long way to reduce the likelihood that the Guillebaud Committee will be used in this way. Indeed, the Minister of Health gave some hope that the limit in charges may have been reached for the present. However, the debate made it clear that the precise function of the Committee is of secondary importance. What is essential is that, under a Government which admittedly disapproves in principle of a free service, the temporary financial ceiling imposed by Sir Stafford Cripps as a crisis measure in 1950 has been made a permanency. So the N.H.S. has been working in an ever-tightening strait-jacket of accountancy, at a time when physical resources have been growing steadily easier. It is by these means that the Government has succeeded in cutting back the Service; and it will continue to do so, either by increased charges or reduced availability, until the fixed ceiling is abandoned.

There is, meanwhile, some merit in Mr. MacLeod's contention that in so far as the Guillebaud Committee is concerned only with administrative efficiency, it may prove to be a more handy and less partial body than the Central Health Services Council, which Mr. Bevan would prefer. Certainly, there will be general support for any effective measures the Minister cares to command in an effort to limit the racket in patent medicines, which is contributing so much to the exorbitant cost of the pharmaceutical service.

How Much Coal?

The disclosure in the N.C.B.'s Annual Report that the nationalised mines failed last year by £8m. to earn the £14m. required to cover the compensation for former colliery owners has naturally stimulated the energies of the Tory critics who declaim that "something must be done about the Coal Board." Actually there is little or nothing which could be done by rejigging the N.C.B.'s structure to reduce operating costs. Indeed, the "net loss" made last year by the Board is a meaningless figure in the sense that the accounts can be made to balance at any chosen level by altering the average selling price of coal. Raise coal by a few further shillings a ton: this nationalised industry could then claim triumphantly to be making "handsome profits." The real problem is how quickly the N.C.B. can dispense with the marginal production from uneconomic pits. As matters stand, at least a hundred pits are making a loss of over 20s. a ton on their output; and whole areas, such as Somerset, the Forest of Dean and West Durham, are running steadily "in the red." The obvious solution—and this is the policy which the N.C.B. is pursuing—is to concentrate production gradually on the expanding low-cost areas. But, until it is possible to say that home consumption and export demands can be fully met without drawing on the high-cost pits, some proportion of the total output is bound to be produced at a loss unless, by deliberate policy, the average price of coal is raised—at the expense of manufacturing industry.

PAKISTAN

Relations with Delhi

A Correspondent writes: For the first time since partition, the Prime Ministers of India and Pakistan will have informal talks when they meet in London during the Coronation. When they return, they are expected to settle down to deal in a friendly way with the Agenda which was discussed last week in Delhi. How important these talks are considered in both countries is shown by the choice of the two highest officials of the Pakistan Foreign Ministry and the Head of the Ministry of India's External Affairs to make a preliminary reconnaissance of the Agenda.

Recent political changes in Pakistan have helped to create a co-operative atmosphere for these talks between the two Premiers which were proposed five months ago. The common people of Pakistan, Mr. Nehru recently observed at a public meeting in Delhi, are at last beginning to look upon the people of India with genuine feelings of friendliness. A similar change of tone is noticeable in the Pakistan press: India is no longer the wicked uncle or the ravenous wolf or a scapegoat for a food crisis, as she recently was in the case of canal waters, where she could not, even if she would, seriously restrict the supply; Kashmir is discussed in tones approaching sweet reasonableness. Ministers in the new Cabinet which was launched with so little ceremony in April by the Governor-General of Pakistan have already made impressive gestures. Prime Minister Mohammed Ali, interviewed by an Indian correspondent, said that he looked upon Mr. Nehru as an "elder brother"—the Urdu equivalent of which has a much deeper significance than the corresponding English phrase; Mr. Shoaib Quereshi, when he left his post as High Commissioner for Pakistan in India to become the new Minister for Information, Broadcasting and Kashmir Affairs, urged a policy of "active friendship" between the two countries.

The Indian press has welcomed these expressions of friendly relations with cautious optimism and an undertone of "methinks he doth protest too much." The "younger brother" line may move Mr. Nehru, one paper says, "but not such men of blood and iron as Abdul Quayyum Khan and Mohammed Zafrullah Khan." Others refer to the fear of a coup which haunts many Pakistanis, and to the fact that Lahore is still under martial law. Mohammed Ali's tasks, it is said, are to stabilise the country's economy and establish democracy, and externally to establish a co-operative relationship with India.

On one point there is general agreement; the balance of forces in the new Pakistan Government has been changed. Communalists are less powerful; the dangers of Mullahcracy, of an Islam State which could only encourage fanaticism at home and worsen relations with India, have been by-passed. But the anti-Ahmediya riots last month reflected the religious fanaticism just below the surface of Pakistan life. Eye-witness accounts from Lahore show that hysteria and terrorism, usually in association with Hindu-Muslim agitation, can be equally violent between different sects of Islam; and the same applies to Jan Sangh activities in Jammu. Will the new Pakistan Government be determined enough to resist the Mullahs, and Communalist forces in its own ranks? Certainly opinion has grown in favour of a secular State.

It is a critical moment for Pakistan. In the steepening crisis which the Governor-General halted by dismissing the Nazimuddin Cabinet, there was a danger of Pakistan becoming a mere economic satellite of America. The alternative is good relations with India. The first test is Kashmir—a problem which can never be solved as long as it is discussed at the U.N. in unreal legalistic terms, which ignore the facts of its actual partition. Private talks between the heads of both States are more appropriate. Closely related is the question of a common policy of neutrality, by which alone the two nations may reduce their disproportionate expenditure on armaments, and which alone can enable the subcontinent as a whole to play a constructive, and maybe decisive role in world affairs.

NIGERIA

The Engines in Reverse?

A Correspondent writes: This week the situation in Nigeria has taken a turn for the worse. The state of emergency declared after the riotous demonstrations by members of the Northern People's Congress against Mr. Akintola of the more militantly nationalist Action Group is an ugly illustration of a political dilemma which underlies British policy. Although its manifestations are violent, the problem can be stated almost academically: is a Conservative Government to follow in the policy of measured concessions for West Africa that was instituted by Labour, when Arthur Creech-Jones was Colonial Secretary? Or will British Conservatives attempt to slow the process of nation-forming and self-governing in these fast advancing West African lands? There were a good many checks and balances in the concessions made by Mr. Attlee's Government. Here and there the checks and balances were greatly overdone. They were notably overdone in Northern Nigeria, where the electoral law brought in under the Macpherson Constitution allowed the obliteration of progressive Hausa politicians in favour of the Fulani autocracy—with consequences which are apparent this week. They were overdone in the constitutional provision which prevented Nigerian Ministers from having direct administrative authority over their own departments. They were overdone in throwing up obstacles to genuine economic planning, and in maintaining obstacles (such as the Trades Disputes Act in the Gold Coast) to building sound trade unions. The trade unions of West Africa, amazingly enough, are still far behind the general level of the new trade unions in supposedly backward Northern Rhodesia.

Even so, concessions made under a British Labour Government were of a kind which envisaged gradual *but continuous* advance towards self-government. When the Macpherson Constitution became operative nearly two years ago, it was commonly doubted whether it could run its full five-year "trial." Many people who were not Nigerians thought that further advance would be required by Nigerian opinion before 1956; and many believed that Nigerians would insist on self-government by that date. What lies behind the present political crisis is no more than an assertion by Nigerian politicians that this is so. The alliance which has now emerged between two nationalist leaders who were formerly in sharp rivalry—Azikiwe and Awolowo—could scarcely have occurred against anything but British opposition. On the other hand, the British authorities have the eager backing of Fulani potentates such as the Sardauna of Sokoto. If the British intend to proceed along this line—alienating the powerful nationalist movements of the Western and Eastern Regions while gathering support from the autocrats of the North—they will once again split Nigeria into North versus South; and reproduce the situation which everyone has warned against—the creation of "another Pakistan."

The Puppets and the Strings

If the spokesmen of the Foreign Office and of the Federal Chancery are to be believed—and on this issue there is no reason to doubt their word—Dr. Adenauer has triumphed in London as he triumphed in Washington three weeks ago. During his visit to the White House he was able to write into the Eisenhower declaration the phrases necessary to exclude any agreement with the Russians on German unity. Mr. Eisenhower accepted all his advice, and announced that the creation of the E.D.C. and the integration of the Federal Republic into the Western Bloc would proceed, whatever the Russians might do or say to the contrary.

This seemed to settle the issue, until Sir Winston Churchill's suggestion in the Commons that the German problem could be settled in the spirit of Locarno. Did the Prime Minister mean that he was in favour of Four-Power talks and of a last effort to unite the Eastern and the Western zones by agreement with the Kremlin? For a few days last week there was a gleam of hope. Then Dr. Adenauer arrived and the gleam faded. The references to Locarno, which had excited his keen displeasure, were satisfactorily explained away. At the end of the two-day visit, Dr. Adenauer could breathe safely again. During his brief absence from Bonn, the Bundesrat—by a final piece of chicanery—reversed its decision of a fortnight ago and approved the E.D.C. treaties. Meanwhile in London the Prime Minister had accepted the Second Bismarck's rebuke for his boyish escapade. The required assurances were meekly given and Britain was once more aligned on the Bonn-Washington axis.

It is worth asking whence Dr. Adenauer derives the authority which makes him today the effective director of Anglo-American policies in Europe. When he became Chancellor in 1949, he was known as a conservative Rhineland Catholic, and the martinet burgomaster of Cologne who, rather surprisingly, obtained the leadership of the C.D.U. His insignificance was matched by that of the Government he led. Thanks to the currency reform, the Federal Republic was just emerging from economic collapse. But it was still an enemy country with semi-colonial status, and the occupying Powers were still teaching its submissive citizens that the German General Staff was the root of all evil. In four years under Dr. Adenauer, Western Germany has staged a miraculous come-back in world politics. Its currency is nearly as hard as the dollar; its reconstructed industry is booming; its Generals already dominate the E.D.C., and, while Washington and London propose, its Iron Chancellor disposes. Even those of us, in England and France, who oppose Dr. Adenauer's policies cannot deny their success.

The climate in which that success has grown is, of course, that of the Cold War. The Federal Republic is a sterile plant which sprouted in the soil of Russo-American discord and burgeons under the rain of dollars which that discord precipitates. A Four-Power agreement which united Germany would cut off the golden showers and might even shrivel Dr. Adenauer into leader of a Catholic opposition to an all-German Government. No wonder he was vexed when he overheard Sir Winston prating about Locarno. For him, the Locarno spirit would mean the collapse of the West European union he hopes to dominate, the end of the rearmament which is now required by the West German industrialists to sustain the economic boom, and above all, the collapse of the position which he himself has achieved as America's favourite and most favoured European.

To appreciate Dr. Adenauer's policy, it is instructive to make a comparison between Western Germany and South Korea. Both are satellite States with a vested interest in the East-West conflict; both were created by an arbitrary act of partition; both are dependent on American support; both dread the prospect that peace might break out. Syngman Rhee is as resolutely opposed as Dr. Adenauer to any settlement except the unconditional surrender of the enemy. Already the South Korean Prime Minister has threatened open mutiny if General Clark signs an armistice which leaves North Korea in Communist hands; and, since two-thirds of the line is now held by South Korean troops, this is a threat which cannot be wholly ignored. If United States troops are to be disengaged and Asians left to fight Asians, then Syngman Rhee, along with Chiang Kai-shek and Bao Dai, may increasingly dictate the Asian policies of the U.S. Here at least is one reason which helps to explain General Harrison's strange performance at Panmunjon. Of course Syngman Rhee is a puppet, but he is the awkward kind of puppet who might be able to jerk the strings by which his master seeks to control him.

To set South Korea alongside the Federal Republic is to insult Dr. Adenauer by comparing him with someone who only has nuisance value. Whereas firm American administration could discipline the South Korean army, slap down Syngman Rhee and sign the armistice we all desire, Dr. Adenauer has a bargaining power in Washington greater than that of every ally of America except Britain. Nevertheless the comparison is useful if it shows us the destination to which our present policies tend to lead us. Once Dr. Adenauer is permitted to have his way in frustrating Four-Power talks and a peaceful solution of the German problem, Europe might become a vaster and more horrible Korea. But with this difference. The Federal Chancellor (or his successor) would be no expendible puppet. It would be he who pulls the strings while the rest of us dance mechanically to his tune.

Twopence a Box

Matches are bought by consumers in small quantities, do not cost a great deal, and are needed by almost everybody, if not for personal at any rate for household use. They are produced under conditions which enable the large-scale producer to outclass his smaller rival, and with the aid of machinery which costs a lot of money but lasts a very long time. In this country they are made mainly out of imported materials—chiefly timber—and require special supplies of chemicals from factories which need to serve the whole industry, or the greater part of it, in order to operate on an economic scale. These conditions are favourable to the growth of monopoly; and in fact a single combine—the British Match Corporation—controls all but a small proportion of the total British production. This Corporation has consistently made very high profits, despite the fact that it is engaged in an industry in which risks are small and technical changes have been for a long time past very slow.

Already we can see that there are very good reasons why the Monopolies Commission was given a mandate to investigate this particular industry.* But what has been said so far is very much less than the whole story. B.M.C. is not merely a near-monopolist in the home production of matches: it is also a very near-monopolist in the control of imports, and has practically unlimited power to fix the selling prices of imported supplies. It gets this power from its close alliance with that great international combine, the Swedish Match Company, of which Ivar Kreuger was once the presiding genius; and in fact S.M.C. is by far its largest shareholder, with nearly a third of the capital of B.M.C. in its hands. B.M.C. and S.M.C. work in accordance with a complicated series of agreements, which determine not only the markets to which B.M.C. is allowed to export its products, but also the respective shares of the two concerns in the British market; and B.M.C. actually pays cash compensation to S.M.C. for every match it sells in this country in excess of the agreed normal quota. In return, B.M.C. gets full access to S.M.C.'s technical knowledge (patents are now of little importance in the industry) and protection against S.M.C.'s power, as matters stand today, to undersell the British product both in foreign markets and in the British home market. For S.M.C. is the unquestioned leader in efficiency, even apart from natural advantages in material supplies. With its widespread international ramifications, it is the principal manufacturer of match-making machinery, holds a near-monopoly in the key machines, and is to all intents and purposes the sole body in Europe that carries on the research work leading to improved machinery and methods of production. B.M.C. gets most of its machinery from the Swedes, making relatively little itself, though it does largely carry out its own maintenance and repairs. In effect, B.M.C. comes near to being a subsidiary of the Swedish combine, and defends its subordinate place in this great monopolistic structure mainly by arguing that it cannot afford to break with the Swedes.

The problem set to the Monopolies Commission was thus a curious one; for B.M.C.'s answer to its critics amounts to an assertion that unless it is allowed to go on operating its monopoly as a junior partner of S.M.C., and doing pretty much what S.M.C. tells it to do, the British match industry will lie down and die. Whether, if it did, British consumers would get their matches any cheaper is doubtful; for the Swedes would be in a position to fix their own price, save in the improbable event of revived competition from the Russians and from other countries of Eastern Europe—and when, on a previous occasion, the Russians did try, in the 1930s, to undersell the combine in the British market, their intervention was soon ended by an agreement signed

* Monopolies and Restrictive Practices Commission, Report on the Supply and Export of Matches and the Supply of Match-making Machinery. *H.M.S.O.* 4*s*. 6*d*.

by them with S.M.C. The British combine argues that if it abandoned its current arrangements, S.M.C. would retaliate by terminating the existing agreements and would refuse to sell the most efficient machinery to the British producers. Great Britain would then have to build up a match machinery making industry of its own; and this, B.M.C. argues, could not be done economically for the British market only. Therefore, says B.M.C., it is best to let ill alone.

The Commission, set the task of pronouncing on the validity of this defeatist attitude, has returned a dusty answer. The majority of its members are not prepared to face the consequences of Swedish denunciation of the market-sharing agreements to which B.M.C. is a party; and accordingly all they can do is to launch an attack on B.M.C.'s excessive profits, and urge price control in the consumers' interests. B.M.C. has the cheek to retort that no reduction short of ½d. a box could be made, and that this is much more than it could afford. Could it not, then, put more matches into each box? That, it is said, would involve expensive alterations in machinery —a point not raised when, a few years ago, B.M.C. reduced the average number from 50 to 47. Could it not, too, return to the old practice of selling boxes in dozens at a substantially reduced price? There is clearly everything to be said for price control; but can no more be done?

Three of the Commissioners, including Professor G. C. Allen and Mrs. Joan Robinson, hope something can, though they too are hesitant because of the repercussions of a break with the Swedes. But they cannot easily stomach the idea that an obviously inefficient monopoly should be allowed to go on exploiting the public just because it is too inefficient to be able to stand on its own feet. They accordingly recommend that consideration should be given to disallowing the quota arrangements at present in force between B.M.C. and the Swedes, and to the setting up by the State of a purchasing agency to which all matches for sale in this country, whether imported or made here, should be sold. Alternatively, they suggest an agency to buy all imported matches and sell them in competition with B.M.C. These proposals are put forward, not as definite recommendations, but only with a demand that the Government examine them further in view of their international repercussions.

None of the Commissioners, it will be observed, proposes that the match industry should be nationalised, despite its obvious tendency to fall under monopolistic control and to yield excessive profits to inefficient producers. Yet this would be the obvious thing to do with it, were it not for the difficulties arising out of its entanglement with a foreign monopoly under private control. In a sensible world, or in a sensible Europe, the industry would lend itself to internationalisation; but for the present that is not on the cards. Probably the best thing that could happen to it would be that it should be handed over to an international Co-operative agency representing the Scandinavian and British Co-operative movements, which are accustomed to working together. But this, too, will doubtless be regarded as politically impracticable. The British Co-operative Wholesale Society has been trying for many years to establish its own match manufacture, but has been unable to do so because of the difficulty of getting the requisite machinery and an assured supply of materials at a fair price. The Match Trust is an adept at freezing out possible competitors by preventing them from acquiring the best machines and by charging them excessive prices for materials over which it holds the control. Nothing short of drastic Government action against its restrictive practices can give its competitors, actual or potential, a chance of entering the market on equal terms. The present position suits the Swedes—few complain of a monopoly which exploits chiefly foreign consumers. It does not suit Great Britain; and only defeatist arguments can be advanced here in its defence. For my part, I should like to see the Government face the risks of dissolving the agreements with the Swedes, and reorganising the industry under public control in the hope of making it efficient enough to stand on its own feet. The Labour Party Executive, indeed, in drafting its new programme, could do worse than put the match industry high up on the list of priorities, even though it is only a small industry and matches at 2d. for 47 do not spell national ruin.

G. D. H. Cole

London Diary

I am told that some Bloomsbury highbrows (I don't know who they are but I read about them in the daily newspapers) are complaining about the vulgarity of the Coronation decorations. I don't share their view. I am not so blind that I can't see the difference between the gay arches in the Mall and some of the red, white and blue cardboard boxes that assault the eye in cheaper neighbourhoods. No doubt some more qualified critic will go into all that. For my part I find it a question of mood. I take it that any great popular celebration is vulgar by definition. To me the whole pageant recalls the May Fair I remember as a child in a West of England city. The more colour and noise the better if you are in the mood; if you are not, of course, it is a near approach to hell, and you'd better be as far away as possible. What worries me is not the fun of the fair, which I am all in favour of, but the religiosity and superstition. Surely the important part of the Coronation is the oath by which the Queen promises to respect the Constitution by which she is the servant and not the mistress of her people; by which, in fact, she agrees that she is a ceremonial and symbolic figure with no serious part to play in politics. As to the superstition, I looked up the other day some of the things that were quoted in *This England* during the great Royal celebrations of the Thirties. Solemn people wrote about the Royal Touch that instantly cures diseases. There was much talk of the "Royal weather" (may we have it this time!) for the Jubilee. Another favourite example of mine was a letter in the *Observer* which said that none of the names yet suggested for the daughter just born to the Duke and Duchess of Kent "sufficiently marked the extraordinary miracle of a Royal birth in a time of great national stress." The lunatic fringe? Agreed. But I am for cultivating fun and not lunacy.

* * *

Senator McCarthy, I am told, first decided that anti-Communism was a paying proposition on the evening of January 7, 1950. He was looking for a good campaign issue—he had a pension plan in mind—when his dinner partner, Father Walsh, threw in the idea of Communist infiltration of government service. McCarthy saw in this the road to personal power. Father Walsh, who is a Jesuit, is the dean of the foreign service school at the Catholic Georgetown University in Washington. This school is one of the most important training centres for State Department officials and diplomats. Many of its students are not Catholics, but are sent there by the State Department for special courses. Father Walsh must have a pretty good notion of the inside politics of the State Department. Both as a Catholic and a teacher, he is no doubt anxious to see his pupils make good. I suppose, too, that there is a great deal of rivalry between his school and its academic competitors. One of these was at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, and Owen Lattimore was its outstanding teacher. Lattimore, of course, was one of the first victims of McCarthy's witch-hunt, and, to my distress, I hear that Johns Hopkins, where reason is respected as much as anywhere I know, has now closed its special school of international relations. Indirectly, this is bound to strengthen the influence of Georgetown as a finishing school for American diplomats. Its graduates, I am sure, will all have a clean bill from McCarthy.

* * *

At least, Mr. Oliver Lyttelton is consistent. His uncompromising support of Central African Federation endorses the view of Sir Godfrey Huggins that black men, even when they have been to universities, are manifestly unfit for responsibilities. So he "sacks" Arthur Lewis from the Colonial Development Corporation. The 38-year-old Professor of Political Economics at Manchester has obvious disqualifications for any post within the patronage of the present Colonial Secretary. He is a West Indian and he is a critic of Central African Federation. Moreover, his whole career has been subversive to the Huggins' line about the intellectual inferiority of the Blacks. ("They are quite incapable of playing a full part. They may have been to universities, but their background is all wrong.") From the island of Santa Lucia, he came to the London School of Economics, where his brilliance led to his appointment to the teaching staff at the age of 23. During the war, he became a principal at the Board of Trade and later at the Colonial Office. After the war he was appointed to a professorial chair at Manchester. His international reputation was such that the United Nations selected him for the Group of Experts on Under-Developed Territories and his imprint on its impressive report is unmistakable. Mr. James Griffiths, as Colonial Secretary, and Lord Reith, as chairman of the Colonial Development Corporation, counted themselves lucky when he agreed to serve as a part-time director. His appointment expired on May 1. Mr. Lyttelton has notified him that it will not be renewed. Colonials must submit to development, not direct it.

* * *

The case of Eric Arthur Wildman has had a strange finish; or perhaps, because of the way it has been dealt with, it has merely reached the end of a chapter. He seems to have had an aptitude for convincing others besides himself—educationists and clergymen especially—that he had a vocation for the revival of corporal punishment, and though his wings were somewhat clipped by his exposure (mainly in this journal) some years ago, he has been conducting a mildly profitable business in obscene literature, supplemented by the sale of canes and tawses. Until lately the police took the view that his publications would probably not be considered deliberately obscene, but to judge from some of the evidence given when he pleaded guilty last week to charges of publishing obscene writings, this immunity must have gone to his head. What puzzles me is that a man who was said by his counsel to be "suffering from a kink," to have "developed such an interest in corporal punishment that it had mastered him," should be fined £500 by way of giving him (in the words of the Common Serjeant at the Old Bailey) "a sharp lesson to make him realise that he is not the world's Messiah in this matter." Punishment has never been successful in the correction of

aspirant Messiahs, and I should have thought this one exceptionally qualified for a probation order with a condition as to psychological treatment, either inside or as an out-patient of a mental hospital. As it is, those who bought Mr. Wildman's goods will not despair of renewing their custom.

* * *

I had an interesting talk the other day with Mr. Elidair Davies, the architect who put a delightful little theatre holding a thousand people right inside the Royal Exchange. He tells me that modern scientific building methods and new materials make it possible to convert many such buildings for short periods at a perfectly good economic cost. The job, economically, is to make sure that the cost of "reinstating" the building after the show will not be too great and that the materials can be inexpensively dismantled in such good shape that they can be used again. At the Royal Exchange, 96% of all the materials used are recoverable; 82% go back to the firm supplying them, and 14% have a ready second-hand market. All the corrugated sheets, for instance, are held by specially designed clips; none are drilled or pierced. Acoustics are, of course, the big problem. The old method of wiring across ceilings with the aid of loud-speakers and amplifiers never satisfactorily solved it. False ceilings made of light acoustical boarding carried on interlocking metal framing cost very little and much of the material can be used again. At the Royal Exchange there is a space above the new false ceiling of 45 feet and the false ceiling is suspended by wires from the glazed barrel roof above. The height of the ceiling above the theatre was chosen for its visual effect. As far as sound went, it could have been either higher or lower; it could be adjusted by the use of special paints which have either highly absorbent or reflective qualities. These were only samples of the technical details which Mr. Davies gave me. The real point (which some of us never understood until the Festival two years ago) is that there are all sorts of amusing things to be done with new light metals and that there must be few cities in England which have not some big, cold, almost unused, barrack-like hall which can nowadays be economically turned into a convenient little theatre or concert hall where people will happily pay for comfortable seats.

* * *

Last week a new work by Epstein was unveiled. A 12ft-high *Madonna and Holy Child*—cast in lead, it is attached to a wall above an arch on the new wing of a convent just off Cavendish Square. I should say that it is the finest public monument that this much-wronged, much-protesting but really big artist has yet created. The two figures, which have no base, are fixed sheer to the vertical wall and the Virgin's feet hang in space as though she were levitating. Together, the child in front, their arms outstretched sideways, and their draperies clinging in beautiful folds to their bodies, they look like some great silver bird momentarily, but most satisfyingly blown against the face of the building. When I went there I found the passers-by paying little attention, certainly far less than to the nearby preparations for the Coronation. Epstein has at last become accepted—which is to say that he is easily ignored. His treatment, however, during the last thirty years—I remember as recently as just after the war his *Jacob and The Angel* being shown in a Freak Show in Oxford Street—has had its effect on his art. In the past I have felt that the unresolved aggressiveness of a good deal of his public work has been a form of understandable but unfortunate self-defence. This makes the tenderness and dignity of these new figures in Cavendish Square the more remarkable. Compare them with the same artist's stone carvings on the B.B.C. building, only two hundred yards away.

CRITIC

A BROADSIDE

Goode people all, beware, beware,
Who now to royall London hie!
Pickpockets swarm about the towne
From Piccadilly to Mayfair,
Nor can ye Justices keepe downe
The rysing tyde of felonie!

Smasshe-grabbe gangs shoppe-windows break,
"Stop, thiefe!" starts a hue and crye!
Bashing merchaunts with iron bars,
Gold and jewels and furs they take,
Getting away in stolen cars
To flogge their swagge ryght speedilie!

Thugges on ye aged watchman fall
(They guess no constable is nygh)
Toughs slugge ye poore man for his groat,
Thieves lyke a catte doo clymbe the wall
After youre pearls or new mink coat,
To robbe you most discourteouslie!

Beware of bandits in the Parke
Who privilie in ambusshe lye,
Beware ye gunman in a maske,
And coshhe-boys prowling after darke,
Who leave their honest 'prentice taske
For vagrancie and spivverie!

The Tower of London they have breached,
Bold beefeaters all standing by,
Sentries keeping watch and ward!
Robbers rayded whyle ravens screeched!
If not the Tower can guard its hoard,
Adewe to all securitie!

Hyding out in their robber's den
Law and order armed bandes defy!
Rogues and vagabondes thryve on cryme—
These are the onlie Englysshe-men
Willinglie working overtyme
On thefte, assaulte and batterie!

Whyle Scotland Yarde reserves police
To trail ye Continental spy,
Bloodie ruffians evayde arrest!
Beware disturbers of the peace
Who royall London doo infest
Through shortage of constabularie!

Lord sayve oure gracious Soverayne,
Elizabeth by name,
That longe unto our comfort
Shee may both rule and raigne!

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Mr. —— was a member of the M.C.C. and often went to Lord's.

Mr. Gilbert Beyfus, Q.C. for Mrs. ——: Did he discuss cricket intelligently?—To tell the truth I used to get him a cushion and, like all the other old gentlemen there he went to sleep.—Report in *News Chronicle*. (F. J. Walesby.)

The Queen will be the first British monarch to wear nylons at a Coronation.—*Daily Sketch*. (R. R. G. Hicks.)

Mr. —— promised to look upon the money the council spent as much his own as the ratepayers'. —*The Teignmouth Post and Gazette*. (W. J. Carter.)

"The visit to France of a party of W.I. members arranged by Mme Dash of the French Embassy unfortunately had to be cancelled owing to Foot and Mouth Disease."—Extract from National Federation of Women's Institutes 36th Annual Report, page 19. (Marion Lee.)

Because a wife has had a baby without committee permission, she and her husband are losing their job as foster parents in a children's home.—*News Chronicle*. (V. Lewis.)

Marxism Revisited

IV. British Independence in the Last Stage of Capitalism

"Well then, is there going to be another American slump, or isn't there?" the not-so-gentle reader may be saying at this point. The answer depends partly on non-economic factors. We must judge for ourselves what is the balance of the political forces actually operating in the America of today—not only in the Government, but in big business, in the trade unions, amongst the farmers—forces reacting on each other in the contemporary mental climate of the country: reacting in the environment, for example, of fear of radicalism at home, fear of Russia abroad, desire to help the rest of the Western World against Russia, desire to preserve the New Deal achievements, desire to destroy them. There are large imponderables.

The Communist view of the contemporary situation is, as ever, clear-cut, confident, definite, and wrong. The Communist has not the least difficulty in answering the question whether or not there will be another American depression. He may even be willing to admit that in theory sufficiently drastic New Dealism could keep State monopoly capitalism (in non-Marxist language, oligopoly functioning in a democracy) in equilibrium. But he is convinced that the social forces which will be thrown to the top by such an economy will be politically incapable of pushing through the counter-capitalist, equalitarian measures necessary. Therefore, he comes back to the view that recession, slump, crisis, secular stagnation, and an aggressive search for foreign markets are entirely inevitable after all, not perhaps because there is *no* other way out for the capitalists in theory, but because the minds of those who will inevitably control the real levers of power will be effectively conditioned against taking any other way out.

Stalin in his last theoretical pronouncement (*Economic Problems of Socialism in the U.S.S.R.*) re-states this dogma in its most rigid form. And yet the evidence of the last two decades cannot fail to suggest that in fact the answer is far more dubious, and may differ far more widely from time to time and from country to country, than the Communists will admit. It was, of course, for taking account of this evidence that poor Professor Varga fell from grace. After the war was over he saw, and said, that the character of capitalism in this, its final, phase was changing; that the balance of social forces in the major capitalist societies, such as America and Britain, had been modified by the second World War, and that the behaviour of their economies would not necessarily follow the patterns hitherto predicted for them. He was sacked for his pains, but the evidence he adduced was by no means disposed of. (In the last weeks there is a report that he has been restored to full favour; if so, this is very important.)

Six years later that evidence is much stronger. It points towards the conclusion that contemporary Communists have gravely misread the real character of the present, and no doubt culminating, phase of capitalism. This is not because they have failed to notice the development of this new phase. On the contrary, Marxists were the first to observe its basic characteristic—that productive units of the economy have become integrated to such a degree that the laws of competition are most significantly modified.

Hillferding called it "Finance Capitalism." Lenin called it "Imperialism or State Monopoly Capitalism." Luxenburg studied it; Buckharin analysed it. But what none of them foresaw was

that it might develop in one way in a democratic environment in which the power of the oligopolists might be balanced to a lesser or greater degree by counter-capitalist forces, operating through the trade unions and through the controlling power of a democratic State; and in quite another way in an authoritarian political environment in which there would be no such countervailing forces. In other words, the Marxists foresaw the new stage of capitalism but only *in its essentially German, anti-democratic, and finally, Fascist, form.* It became their unquestioned assumption that this new stage of capitalism was to be associated with the smashing of all anti-capitalist working-class and democratic forces. In such a political setting it is indeed true that it is impossible to imagine the new stage of capitalism permitting the consumption of the masses to rise sufficiently to avoid breakdown—or rather, as the Marxists always pointed out, to avoid undertaking immense war preparations, which would duly lead to war, in the search for overseas outlets, in order to avoid breakdown.

But, directly contrary to German experience, in both Britain and America the new oligopolistic stage has emerged *in a democratic political setting.* Far from the counter-capitalist trade union and democratic forces having been fatally weakened by the development of the new stage, they have been strengthened. They are stronger here than in America; but in spite of the loathsome wave of hysteria which is sweeping America today, they are fundamentally stronger in America also than in any previous period. It is simply flying in the face of the facts to say that America has recently ceased to be a democracy because she has elected a Republican President and a (very narrow) Republican majority to Congress. For those odious contemporary American characteristics of intolerance at home and fanaticism abroad are by no means incompatible with democracy; democracies have, unfortunately, often exhibited just such symptoms. No, the fundamental strengthening of the counter-capitalist forces in America by the establishment of the great trade unions for the industrial workers and by the entrenched legal protection of the farmers, are now features of the American system which, it is already obvious, the Republican administration will attack at its peril.

The main conclusion of these articles can, then, be summarised as follows. What is fundamentally the same error in political judgment on which the theory of increasing misery was based (namely, the under-estimate of the economic power of the countervailing democratic forces) has led contemporary Communists to see only one form of the last stage of capitalism, namely, the Fascist. But we now know that there is an alternative democratic form of the last stage of capitalism. In it the countervailing forces of the trade unions and the voters have more, not less, economic power than they have ever had before. Recently these forces have been able to raise the real incomes of the mass of the population at least in proportion to the rise in productivity, and so render unnecessary the fatal sequence of slump, stagnation, aggression.

But does this (now proved) possibility of the emergence of "State monopoly capitalism" in a democratic environment not only make *possible*, but also *assure* us, that the necessary counter-capitalist pressures and measures to avoid the return of slump, stagnation, and so aggression will in fact be applied? It does nothing of the sort. The very most that can be claimed for it is that it makes it *possible* that they will be applied. Once again, all postulations of what is "inevitable," either way, are seen to be the expression of wishes rather than thoughts. Each concrete case must be judged on its merits.

If the reader has been brought to accept in any degree the general conclusion of these articles, he will, it is suggested, be in a better position than before to make his own evaluations and predictions; and theory ought not to be asked to give greater assistance than that. It remains only for me to give, very briefly, my own conclusions—for what they are worth.

In my view the balance of social forces has swung so far in Britain as very nearly to assure us that any future British Government will try desperately hard to take the necessary measures to maintain economic equilibrium. The reappearance of marked symptoms of either slump or secular stagnation would be so fatal for a democratic Government in Britain, the prospects of any attempt at aggressive expansion are so poor, and the possibility for the capitalists of getting rid of democracy is so remote, that British Governments will go to very great lengths in order, as they would put it, "to maintain full employment."

Unfortunately, however, Britain is not the decisive factor in this respect. It is upon what happens in America that the character, and so the destiny, of "oligopoly in a democratic political setting" will depend. And the balance of the social forces which will there determine the result is far more difficult to strike. Will not the counsel of the Galbraiths and the other professors and intellectuals, who undoubtedly know perfectly well what it is necessary to do to save the system, be dismissed as the talk of now discredited "Egg heads"? Will not the plain man, which means, in this connection, the plain millionaire, go his own plain way to destruction?

The real obstacle, I repeat, to his doing so consists not in the advice of the "Egg heads" but in the industrial power of the trade unions and the political power of the farmers. It will take real hardihood to challenge that power head-on. And yet the new Administration must do *something.* The sinister possibility emerges that the complex pull and counter-pull of the social forces of contemporary America will find their classic resolution in a drive towards foreign military expansion in one form or another. The one really respectable form of anti-recession measures may be found to be the anti-Communist Crusade! We can only do everything conceivable in our power—and we *can* do something—to strengthen the countervailing democratic forces both politically and economically.

The lesson for British economic policy is surely clear. The one conclusion that it is safe to draw from the American economic and political situation is this. The very last thing which we can hope for from America is complete economic stability. It is anybody's guess how the balance of forces will finally work out. But what can scarcely be doubted is that this enormous economy will thresh about to a considerable degree before it can even be expected to find a continuing equilibrium. Nor is there anything fatal in that for America: she can afford it.

CORONATION

A picture of Coronation Britain—politics and decor, ritual and rackets, people and pageantry—will be presented in our next three issues, as seen by

KINGSLEY MARTIN
PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE
JOHN SUMMERSON
V. S. PRITCHETT
MARGARET LANE
and
ANGUS WILSON

But can we? The economic consequences for Britain of even a most moderate degree of American economic instability are alarming in the extreme. According to the E.C.A., experience indicates that a 4 per cent. drop in American consumption is apt to result in a fall in sterling area exports to America of one-third! This means that the effect upon us of even a ripple on the surface of the American economy is bound to be serious. Even if we have taken every possible measure of economic insulation, we shall be well rocked about by it. But if we have made ourselves, in effect, a part of the American economy by convertibility and the dismantling of import restrictions, etc., our moderate-sized craft will simply be swamped when the first wave of American instability strikes us.

For these reasons all the varieties and variants of the orthodox capitalist policy of attempting to re-establish one unified economy for the "free world," on the basis of the more or less complete merging of the sterling area with the dollar area, would prove fatal for Britain. They should be resisted by British Labour as, literally, a suicidal step, and notice given that, if they are taken now, they will be instantly reversed by the next Labour Government. Besides all the other objections to which they are open, such policies pre-suppose a degree of economic stability in America, the achievement of which is improbable in the extreme—which it is indeed unfair even to ask of her. If, on the contrary, we adopt the essentially Socialist policy of maintaining and re-inforcing our controls over the foreign transactions of our citizens, we give ourselves at least the possibility of maintaining that economic stability at the level of full employement which is for us a necessity.

Nor is there any reason to fear that we cannot make a decent living for ourselves on the basis of such economic independence. A great deal of defeatist nonsense about our basic economic position is talked in this connection. True, our terms of trade are not as fantastically favourable as they were in the nineteen-thirties, and are never likely to be so again. But how many of the learned Jeremiahs who shake their heads about the possibility of British economic independence realise the elementary fact that our terms of trade are now more favourable than they were in 1914 and much more favourable than they were in 1860? And yet no one in 1914 or in 1860 was busy saying that Britain could not make a living for herself! Of course, we can make a living: but only if we take the measures for the *control* of our foreign trade and payments which our changed national situation necessitates.

These articles cannot pass beyond the economic sphere. They cannot begin to deal with the political corollaries of my conclusions about the necessity of British economic independence. It is necessary to say in one word, however, what those political corollaries are *not.* Economic independence is the foundation of political independence; but it is *not* the foundation of political "neutralism," as that doctrine has been preached in France for example. The attitudes are poles apart. "Neutralism" is a passive and defeatist creed—the very antithesis of national independence. Neutralist nations will simply be pushed around by what Professor Toynbee calls "the giant powers of the penumbra." A sturdy national independence will on the contrary enable us to co-operate with America, whenever we think it possible and right to do so, as for example in the joint defence of Western Europe, but also to co-operate with Russia, as for example in the expansion of East-West trade, when we find it right and possible to do that.

Finally, independence will both enable us and require us to push ahead with the transformation

into Socialism of our existing "oligopoly operating in a democratic political environment." We began, but only began, that transformation between 1945 and 1950.

JOHN STRACHEY

Tennessee Sorcery

THEY like to tell a story, around the headquarters of the Tennessee Valley Authority, about the funeral of a poor devil which took place in Pickens County, Georgia, at the turn of the century. They cut through solid marble, the story goes, to make his grave, and yet the little tombstone they put above him was from Vermont. They buried him in the heart of a pine forest, but the pine coffin was imported from Cincinnati. The South didn't furnish a thing for the funeral except the corpse and the hole in the ground.

The story dates back some sixty years and would have been equally true twenty years ago. But it couldn't happen today, the moral suggests, and it won't happen either in twenty years from now. Today the South can not only bury its sons, it can also keep them alive. TVA has seen to that. For Roosevelt's gigantic scheme has reached the cross-roads. On May 18, it was twenty years since Congress passed the first "Tennessee Valley Authority Act," bringing the scheme into existence, and this moment coincides with the virtual completion of all its main projects. There is a limit to the number of dams and power stations that can be usefully placed in this area. Of twenty large dams TVA set out to build, eighteen are in operation, and the last two will be complete within the next twelve months. And that will be all. Of the total staff of about 20,000 at present employed by the authority, some 15,000 are still engaged on construction and engineering work. By the end of 1953, when the last of the dams will have been taken into service, there will be no more work for them : even the largest among the big dams, like Fort Loudoun, Wheeler, Kentucky, or Chickamauga will need but a handful of men for technical maintenance.

But can TVA then simply pack up and go home, even before its charter is up ? On the face of it, there seems no reason why it shouldn't. Amortisation of the capital advanced to it by Congress from Federal funds—roughly 1,000 million dollars in all—presents no difficulty ; the authority is in the best of financial shapes and is making money hand over fist. And as for the vast number of subsidiary enterprises which it has created behind the sheltering walls of the big dams—fertiliser plants, experimental stations of all kinds, chemical laboratories, agricultural and forestry research schemes, model settlements, parks, swimming pools, recreation grounds, whole villages and small towns like Norris Town above Norris dam—TVA was never meant to own them or even operate them indefinitely. The large majority of them have already been handed over to local and county authorities, public corporations and private enterprise.

Yet " pack up " is easier said than done. In fact, TVA today finds itself very much in the position of the sorcerer's apprentice, utterly unable to rid itself of the spirits it has summoned ; and what complicates matters is, of course, its prime interest in making these spirits stay, at command. A glance at what has happened in the Tennessee Valley, and far beyond it throughout the South, during the past twenty years, shows why. TVA has not only put this whole area on its feet again by enormously increasing its productivity ; it has also turned it into a greedy, almost rapacious consumer, and in doing so it has decisively shifted the economic emphasis away from agriculture to industry. The region is not yet rich, but it is no longer poor. The question is whether its closely integrated economy which has been built up during the past two decades, and on which the rest of the country is increasingly depending as a fast developing market, can sustain itself or must collapse or sink back again into a new depression once the brackets of the Authority which hold it together are removed.

Flood control, TVA's primary object, has been an unqualified success, and so has river navigability, and both have paid handsome dividends. Flood control along the Tennessee River and the lower Ohio and Mississippi alone has brought an annual " saving " of about 11 million dollars' worth of otherwise unavoidable damage. In the Tennessee Valley proper, the city of Chattanooga reckons that TVA's system of reservoirs has up to now saved it a round 45 million dollars of damage ; and the savings in this one city amount to more than a quarter of the total capital invested by TVA in the construction of flood controls. Making the Tennessee River navigable has produced similar results. This treacherous and unmanageable waterway has become an indispensable link between the North and the South. The 630 miles of navigable canal from Paducah to Knoxville, created by TVA's locks and reservoirs, now enable, for instance, the Detroit motor works to send their cars and tractors by water all the way to Guntersville in Alabama. In 1933, river transport on the Tennessee amounted to less than 33 million ton-miles ; in 1951 it had exceeded 589 million.

Twenty years ago the Tennessee Valley was a predominantly agricultural area. Today the population's income from industry exceeds that from farming. To be precise : in 1929 agriculture produced 23 per cent of the region's total income, and industry only 15 per cent. By 1950 the position was reversed, the industrial population absorbing 20 per cent, the farming population 12 per cent. But, despite this shift of emphasis, agriculture in the seven States bound up in TVA has not suffered but has greatly increased its prosperity. In order to do this, however, it had to alter its character. Machinery and fertilisers have taken over the job of the agricultural labourer, who is no longer available, or so outrageously expensive that no farmer along the Smoky Mountain slopes can afford any hired help. The agricultural labourers have disappeared into the factories, and by far the largest of these "factories" are the plants of the Atomic Energy Commission at Paducah and Oak Ridge. Along with the rapidly increasing prosperity of the region as a whole, they are causing TVA's main headache—the supply of power and light.

Generating electricity, however, was not among the priority tasks assigned to TVA. The hydro-electric plants are a by-product of the dams. Twenty years ago the total electricity generating capacity of the region was less than 815,000 kilowatt. Today the installed capacity of the integrated TVA power system amounts to just under 4 million kw. In 1933 the region had roughly a quarter-million private consumers using, on an average, 600 kw per head a year. Today there is five times that number, and average consumption per head a year has risen sixfold. TVA is now by far the largest producer of electric power in the whole of the United States, but the demand created by the industries it has drawn into the Tennessee Valley greatly exceeds its ability to supply.

Despite its prodigious effort, it became clear during the past few years that TVA could never hope to supply the region adequately from its hydro-electric plants, let alone allow for future expansion. Its dams do not permit the construction of more plants than they are feeding now. In 1951, the region's consumption was such that TVA was compelled, during peak consumption periods, to buy and borrow an additional 2,000 million kilowatt-hours from other systems, some of them very far away, and to introduce power-cuts and load-shedding at the same time.

In the circumstances, and in order to prevent the recurrence of such a calamity, TVA has decided to bend rather than break and has gone in for the construction of steam-generating power plants to help carrying the additional load. Not in their wildest dreams would TVA engineers ever have thought that it would come to this, and it does not, of course, improve the prospects of TVA's " packing up " in the foreseeable future. For the present, five steam plants are being built, of which three are already in operation. One of them, the steam turbines at Watts Bar, now consumes 1.8 million tons of coal per year, and when all five are in service their total coal consumption will be about 8 million tons annually. This will make TVA the largest coal importer of the entire South-East, and exactly double its generating capacity as against 1951. It is reckoned that this point will be reached towards the end of 1954, but even now TVA engineers are almost certain that it will leave them with no surplus capacity, and that the same problem will arise all over again. One factor, of course, could transform and " normalise " this situation overnight—if Paducah and Oak Ridge were to shut down or go away. But this is, admittedly, the least likely of all developments.

PETER DE MENDELSSOHN

The Blessing of the Sea

AFTER Eastbourne, the train skirted the shore, and there were the waves bringing a pang of holidays and piers and buckets. At Hastings, the sea which was to receive its yearly Blessing looked green-cold, shrewish and unblessable, like a woman after a long quarrel. I made for the Old Town, passing through the anonymous sea-side streets of stores and red-faced hotels, stark with fresh air, surrounded by fish-restaurants which became less and less refined until they stated openly " Frying today." Finally I was there, in a welter of winding streets and alleys, topped by the green dome of East Hill, where the cliff-funicular has a station like a renovated Norman castle.

The Procession of the Blessing started from St. Clement's Church off the High Street at seven o'clock in the evening. I slipped into the church and waylaid the rector. " There's always been some sort of Blessing here from the Lifeboat," he said ; " it stopped during the war, but I got it going again. Of course there are many other Blessings down the Channel." I had a vision of the green, implacable sea wooed by Hymns Ancient and Modern all along the Channel coast.

Down by the Lifeboat house, a crowd was already collecting, crunching the pebbles around the loudspeaker ; the Lifeboat collection box was clinking around, and the uniformed band of Hastings and St. Leonards were unpacking their instruments. For some reason or other the flock was surrounded by policemen. It seemed unnecessary. The people were quiet and expectant, so close to the cold sea, to the seagulls,

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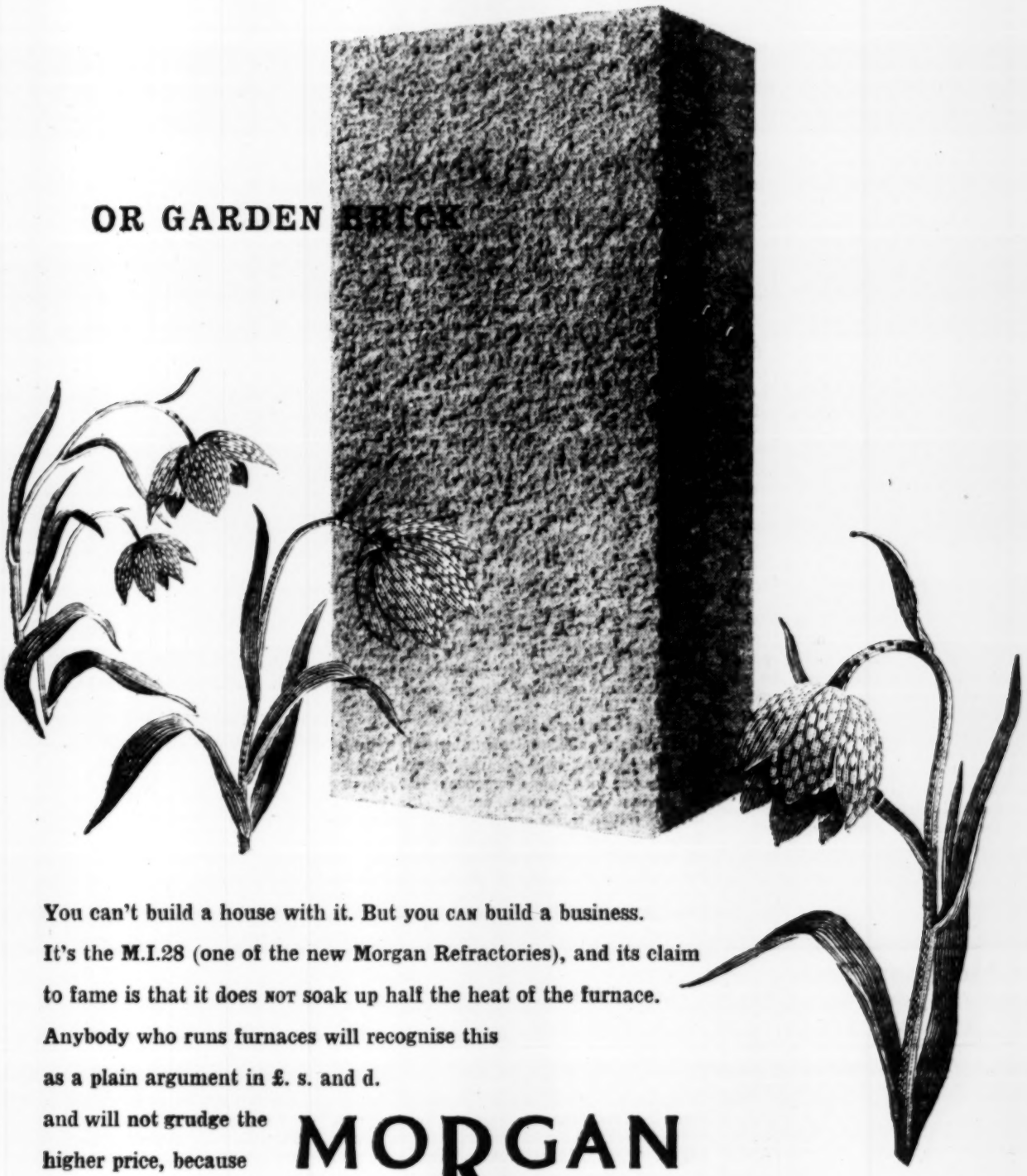

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and the ranks of fishing-boats. In front of us were the black net-stores, like tall widows in mourning, behind us the cold comfort of a dead fun-fair. But the sea was stronger and colder than all this. I spoke to a fisherman. "Not what it was," he said. "We get the fish in the winter, but we can't sell it. Plenty of fish. Lovely plaice." He spread out his hands. "It's no good till the tourists come. And then there's fewer fish." An old man, grafted onto his stick, looked up from under his cap. "The fishermen here are dying out," he said; "can't give us the big families any more. Not like the Peters and the Adamses. And this is a bad sea here." He lifted his stick to the gleaming modernistic lifeboat. "The Blessing's no joke, mister. And I'll tell you something else. Soon as the Blessing's over, there'll be a gale. It's the same every year."

The procession now wound down from the High Street. Choristers, clergy, crucifix rampant, a swarm of green-shirted wolf-cubs. The rector and two curates climbed into the boat and tinkered with the microphones. "Them things always go wrong," murmured the old man. "They should shout. Same thing to the sea." Hymn sheets were distributed, and the band blew. "Oft in danger, oft in woe, Onward Christians, onward go . . ." The old people sang, the young watched, children played tag among the monolithic policemen. The rector had the sea on his left hand, St. Clement's on his right, the crowd before him—all these people, with the sea in their nerves. It was Rogation week, the period of the Church's supplication for the fruits of the land and sea. It was also the rector's chance to spread the gospel, send up the rockets of Life in Death, Death in Life—to a congregation met together for magic. Following the hymn, a lesson was read—the miracle of the fishes and Christ walking on the sea. Then "Eternal Father, strong to save . . . Oh, hear us when we cry to thee for those in peril on the sea." This was the heart of the matter. Economics had twisted the blessing for abundance, which the rector now gave, lifting up his hand to consecrate the waters. Farther and farther from his congregation's elemental preoccupation went his fishing for souls, his boats and storms as symbols for the conquest of Sin. The band bellowed "Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore . . . Leave the poor stranded wreck and pull for the shore . . ."

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All over Europe the fishermen were placating their enemy. Here, in Hastings, holiday makers would swallow perhaps the Christian bait, refuse the Pagan magic. But not so the Old Town's fishermen: they were too close to the savagery of the sea. When the service was over and the crowd dispersed, the old man in the cap tapped me on the shoulder. "D'you see?" he said triumphantly, "the wind is rising."

ANTHONY CARSON

Banned Books

GAILY coloured leaflets and posters proclaim, in ever-increasing numbers, the eagerness of Ireland to welcome all tourists who have sufficient money in their pocket-books. The new industry is thriving and little is left to chance: even the traditional jarveys in Killarney are being coached—if I may employ that word—in better folklore, and attend regularly at night school. The indirect value of culture as a commercial asset has been recognised in many countries since the last war, and in the Irish Republic this fact has not escaped notice. The Irish contribution to modern literature has been a remarkable one, and the temptation to exploit it now has proved irresistible. Old quarrels have been forgotten and the names of W. B. Yeats, Joyce, Synge and others have become useful. George Moore, in his inimitable trilogy, *Hail and Farewell*, describes how a Cardinal denounced Yeats's poetic play, *The Countess Cathleen*, in the early days of the literary revival. A few weeks ago, in the Government newspaper, a dramatic critic described the play ecstactically as "this lovely hymn of praise of the traditional spiritual outlook of the Irish people." Even James Joyce has been partly forgiven and, in a brochure issued for foreign export by the National University of Ireland, he is claimed proudly as a former student.

Despite the public smiles and the ready welcoming, the present state of Irish letters may be summarised in a single sentence: the majority of modern Irish writers are on the banned list and certain works of theirs cannot be read in Ireland except in the Six Counties. Among these writers who have indulged in indecency or obscenity, according to our standards, are Bernard Shaw, James Joyce, George Moore, Sean O'Casey, Francis Hackett, Dr. Oliver Gogarty, Kate O'Brien, Liam O'Flaherty, Con O'Leary, Sam Beckett, Norah Hoult, Frank O'Connor, Sean O'Faolain, Francis Stuart, George Buchanan, Maura Laverty, Benedict Kiely. The last Register of Prohibited Publications issued by the Censorship Board appeared in December, 1950, and is a bulky affair, for it contains more than 3,000 titles of banned books. Few well-known names have been spared and insults have been flung recklessly at English, American and European authors. Among the hundreds of writers arraigned for indecency, here are a few: H. G. Wells, Aldous Huxley, George Orwell, Storm Jameson, Cyril Connolly, Hugh Massingham, D. L. Murray, William Saroyan. English converts to Catholicism, such as Graham Greene and Ethel Mannin, have not escaped opprobium. Among foreign writers may be mentioned Arthur Koestler, Louis Aragon, Salvador de Madariaga, Jules Romains, Marcel Proust. Among classic works may be noted Apuleius, Boccaccio, Balzac.

As the Censorship Board has been in existence for more than twenty years, it is no longer a controversial novelty. But its menace has quietly increased, for it has become a furtive habit. In its practical workings it may now be described as a minor activity of the Civil Service; the Secretary of the Board is a full-time Civil Servant, who submits to the Board of Censors the complaints sent in privately by certain lay societies. As seventy or eighty books are now banned every two months or so, it is obvious that the five voluntary members of the Board could not read them all. We may accept the general belief that passages marked by the Civil Service staff are shown to them. It is equally clear from the distinguished names on the banned list that the Censors do not conscientiously follow the Censorship Act itself, which requires them to weigh the artistic merits of the books submitted to them and consider the type of reader who would be interested in such books. An Appeal Board was set up in 1946 in order to leave the Minister for Justice free for other duties, but it has proved of little use as a corrective. The present Appeal Board consists mainly of lawyers known for their orthodoxy, and they have shown the traditional caution of their profession. Recently, for example, they have removed the ban from certain novels by Irish authors, but in each case the book was published many years ago and has long since been out of print.

The literary censorship lurks in the shadows and the secular arm has now become the privy paw. Nevertheless occasional criticism is resented and carefully watched. A few months ago a Swedish visitor, who wrote about this hidden evil when he returned to his own country, was rebuked in the weekly religious press. It was pointed out to him that the censorship represented the will of a democratic people, but nothing was said about the right of minority opinion. Quite recently a question was asked in Dail Eireann regarding a "person" who was employed occasionally as a broadcaster by Radio Eireann. He had contributed an article to an English weekly containing radical criticism of the activities of the Censorship Board. Fortunately, the editor of a Dublin evening newspaper had the courage to devote a leading article to this attempt to stifle freedom of speech. I may be pardoned for mentioning the case of a book of my own which was published last autumn. It was an imaginative re-telling of some neglected medieval Gaelic legends, an attempt to use the patterns of Celtic Romanesque art, and was limited in interest mainly to an Irish public. Shortly before the book was banned, a review of it appeared in the Government newspaper by a poet and playwright, who happened to be a District Justice; he advised readers to get the book at once. The matter was taken up by General MacEoin, a vigorous champion of morality in literary affairs and an opponent of the Government party. He asked a pertinent question in the House. The District Justice was rebuked publicly by the Minister for Justice, although he had not impugned the principle of censorship, but merely expressed his opinion as a critic and private person.

Banned Irish authors who write in English cannot be completely silenced as long as they can find English or American publishers; they can remain, to use a famous political phrase, in external association with their country. They can live in their country respected and even honoured, for they are given ample publicity: only their books, when banned, must remain in exile. But the position of the new Gaelic literature is precarious, for its writers must depend on Government publication or the new Gaelic Book Club. What chance could they have if they wrote with the candour, say, of Liam O'Flaherty or Frank O'Connor? For the first time the International Congress of P.E.N will meet in Dublin within a

Parliament
AND THE PRESS

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BOTH SIDES SPEAK

DURING the debate in the House of Commons on Friday, which led to the withdrawal of the Press Council Bill, May 8, 1953, striking tributes were paid by both Tory and Socialist M.P.s to Lord Beaverbrook and his newspapers.

●

MR. TOM DRIBERG (Soc., Maldon):

I am with the hon. Member in what he says about sensationalism, and I said something similar in my speech. But since he has mentioned the Sunday Express and at the same time has said that mass circulation cannot be obtained without sex sensationalism, surely he will agree that the Sunday Express is one paper which has shown that mass circulation can be achieved without these sordid contents?

MR. BEVERLEY BAXTER (Con., Southgate):

I am grateful to the hon. Gentleman for mentioning the Sunday Express. Whatever charges may be made against the Express newspapers for being too harsh, or too critical or anything like that, there are one or two things about them in respect of which I am very proud to be associated with them. One is that we may say anything against Lord Beaverbrook, and it is published. He would never side-step anything said against him. Another thing is that with his background of the manse—which has produced some very great financiers—he has said, **"We will publish lively newspapers and vigorous newspapers, and papers which appeal to the popular taste. But we will not go in for pornography."** And I am proud to have been associated with him throughout his career.

●

HANSARD EXTRACTS FROM PRESS COUNCIL DEBATE

month and the subject chosen for discussion is an apposite one, the problem of literature in small countries which have their own language. The Irish Government has subsidised this international meeting and, among the many promised festivities, is a luncheon party at Maynooth College, the ecclesiastical centre of the country. Despite the mild influence of the Irish climate and the charm of the scenery, it is to be hoped that delegates will raise this matter of literary censorship during the sessions in Dublin.

AUSTIN CLARKE

The Racketeers

THE men have nothing to do with it. So innocent are they of the schisms and bitternesses convulsing the village that Gomer Rees, presenting his wife with her first gift in fifteen years, feared only that she might regard it as a precedent.

She threw it, with force, across the kitchen. The biscuits fell out in the fender; the Queen and Duke continued to smile from the open lid in the well-trained royal pretence that nothing untoward had occurred. Affronted and blasphemous, Gomer learned that, before buying raffle tickets at the pit-head, it was his duty to ascertain exactly which Coronation tea-party he was supporting.

"Damn it all, woman, the kid said Jenkin Street! I thought you was supposed to be on the committee."

"That tin of biscuits," Gwenno pointed with quivering finger, "was being raffled for Jenkin Street *Top End*!" Than whom, it was immediately plain, Jenkin Street Bottom End had no more bitter rivals.

In every street it is the same. There was the ding-dong battle of Cwm Street, where Bottom End bought Will Jones's promise to play their piano for open-air dancing, in preference to his auntie's; wherefore Top End, having a working majority of the ten remaining members of Bethesda, curtly refused to let the vestry to Bottom End in the event of rain. There was Evans Street Bottom End, whose weekly door-to-door collector carried three tins—"Please to give sixpence, a spoonful of tea and a spoonful of sugar"—and when Top Enders sneered at this pettifogging shift, observed darkly that those whose secretary's husband worked in a bakery could well afford to be lofty about sugar, but others couldn't.

Rhondda Road broke all records by splitting into three—Top End, Bottom End, and a rather classy splinter group who elected to boycott the special bus to Porthcawl and invest in shiny Royalty books for their resentful posterity. Worst of all, there was the dreadful affair in Thomas Street, where the £53 collected by Top End was stolen overnight. The police questioned the village's half-dozen hardened offenders, while Top End dared do no more than glare its suspicions; and the first bus to town next morning admitted seven other frightened treasurers, asking one another how to open a bank account and clutching their handbags till the knuckles gleamed.

Everywhere excitement mounts. Little gaggles of housewives forgather in kitchens for cups of tea and weeks of plot-hatching; to burst upon an envious neighbourhood with a Jumble Sale, a Children's Social, or a session of Twenty Questions (the local team chosen for eccentricity rather than intellect), anything that will poach the pennies from other pockets than their own. Mrs. Edwards Post has done such a trade in sixpenny books of raffle tickets that she has ordered a new supply.

In twos and threes the women journey down to Ponty and return complacently laden with tins of ham and salmon (half the Co-op's branch managers are down with duodenal ulcers since the tiny allocation of "Grade 1" arrived) and with souvenirs for the children, dinky tricolour aprons for the use of dishwashers and bread-butterers, and yards of red white and blue cotton to make tawdry their scrubbed table-tops. These treasures they exhibit in private to their supporters, spreading out the flimsy flag with its central portrait of a young woman recognisable only from context. "It's not that we believe in all the fuss," they explain, too volubly, to councillors' wives and other demurrers—councillors here are all one colour, varying only in brightness—"a lot of old nonsense it is, of course, but we don't want to be different than the rest, do we? For the kids it is, really, like Christmas, isn't it?" (No, nor for the Queen either; for once they are having their own fun.)

The secretary of the lodge, Philips Federation, is saddened by the splits when they come to his notice. "Where is your solidarity?" he asks his wife. "Up in the pre-fabs there is ten whole streets all pulling together. Now, *they* will put on something worth while, you'll see." But Maggie only sniffs.

"They haven't had time to get to know each other up there yet. They didn't try to put nothing on for VD day and so they don't know. But I've talked to more than one from up by there, and they all say, 'Never Again.'" Nothing like a great national occasion, Philips reflects with gloomy irony, to create the real community spirit in these new estates . . .

Meanwhile, in the Old Village, the spirit of unity survives only underground and in the pub and billiards hall—the places where women are barred. Or so it was believed, until last week revealed another stratum of the population to whom the new subdivided loyalties mean nothing. For in Williams Street, Angharad Street and the Foundry, the weekly ticket-sellers (both Ends) were rewarded with nothing but blank stares and empty palms: "I've bought already" . . . "Your Johnnie" . . . "Menna's boy's been here" . . . "Here's the tickets, see" . . . Some hours later the young united racketeers were discovered making merry in the rec., cheeks distended with great gobs of ill-gotten bubble-gum, and hustled shrilly homeward to "see what your dad will have to say."

One dad, at least, was sore perplexed. Philips Federation's son, a ringleader, was not only unrepentant, but indignant. He affirmed that the book of raffle-tickets was legally purchased with the boys' own money; that the prize (though no one had chanced to inquire) was a packet of Woodbines; that only clear profit had been spent; and that if it happened that each boy canvassed his own bit of street, that was for convenience of organisation and not with intent to deceive. "Our Mam's doing just the same every week. Nobody belts her."

"But the rubbish," fumed his mother, "the old tack and rubbish they spent it on!" Philips's eye rolled silently towards the corner cwtch, its varnished doors concealing paper doyleys, flags, trick lockets, tin coaches, cardboard queens. He rejected the prompting.

"It seems, my son," he said, "that your loyalty's been a little premature."

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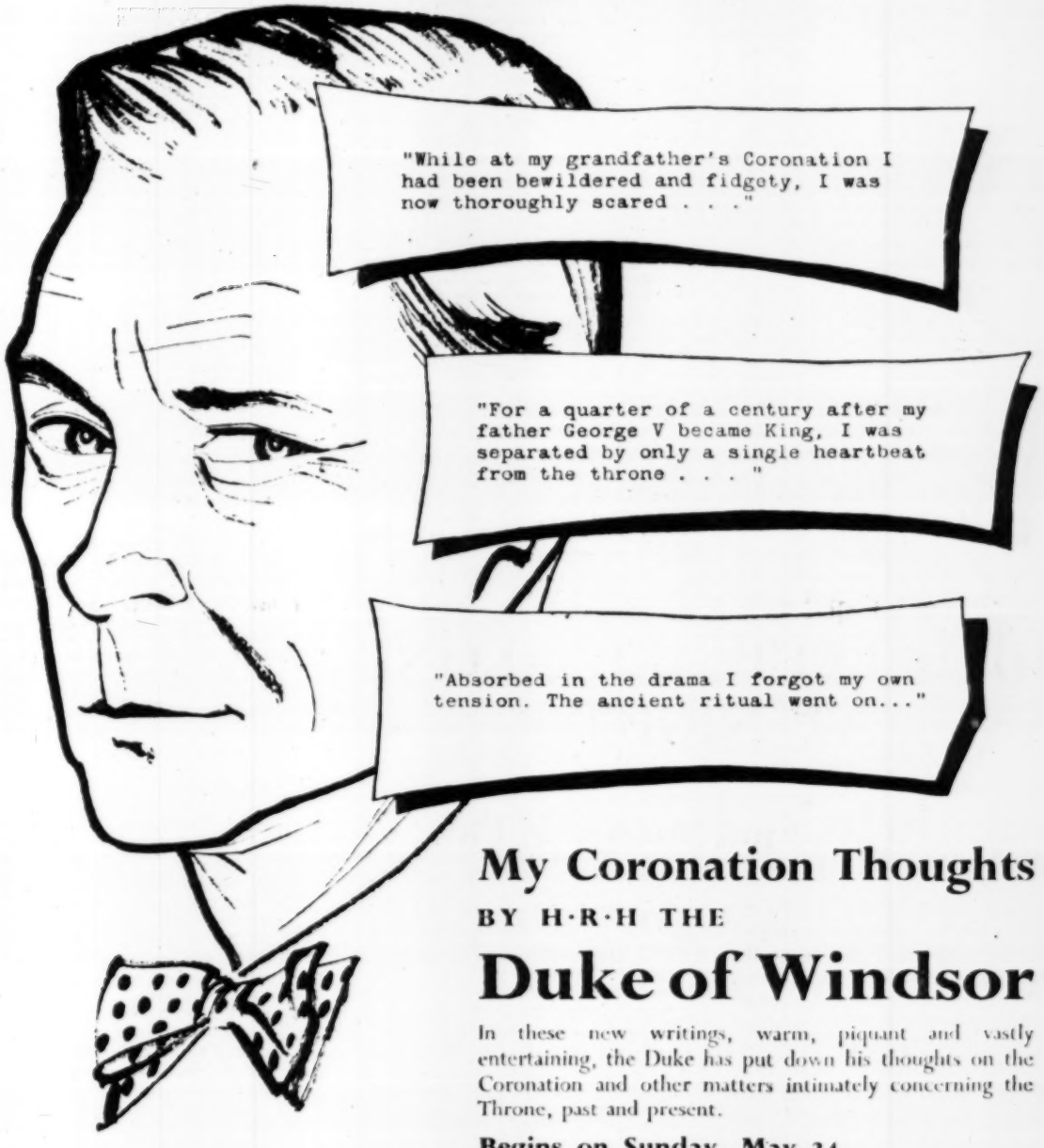
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The Arts and Entertainment

SENTIMENTAL TRAGEDY

It was extremely adventurous of Mr. Gielgud to risk as the last play of his season a revival of a completely unfamiliar play, a Restoration Tragedy, Otway's *Venice Preserv'd*; and it is most gratifying that the venture has turned out to be an unqualified success. His company have risen to the strange occasion magnificently; each one fits his or her part perfectly; his producer, Mr. Peter Brook, has once again shown that he can discipline his exuberant imagination when this is called for and apply himself to giving us a straightforward faithful interpretation: while Mr. Gielgud himself scores yet another personal triumph in a role that is—though Mr. Gielgud's superb virtuoso display of verse speaking obscures this from us—rather unsatisfactory.

Jaffeir, the character Mr. Gielgud plays, is a man who loses his honour for his love. He has married the daughter of a Venetian Senator and on her he dotes excessively. He is drawn by his life-long friend, Pierre, into a plot to kill the Senate and seize power in the state. When his wife tries to get the secret from him, he only too easily yields it up to her and then allows himself to be persuaded by her to betray his confederates. In the last scene he redeems his honour by saving his friend from the foulness of a traitor's death on the rack, stabbing him and then turning the dagger on himself. The fable seems strong enough to bear the weight of tragedy, but in actuality, it doesn't quite. Otway appears to have felt the personal predicament deeply enough but failed to root it in its circumstances. For some reason he doesn't succeed in establishing the reality of the plot against the Senate, so that we only half believe in it as a thing reported rather than as a thing experienced. We believe in Jaffeir's doting on his wife but we are never compelled to believe in the wholeheartedness of his devotion to the cause, with the result that the conflict between honour and love is fatally weakened. If only this flaw were not there, *Venice Preserv'd* might take its place in the repertory, for its note of sentimental tragedy is essentially "modern" in feeling. But as it is the play remains a "collectors' piece," though the superb acting and production on this occasion will delight more than mere collectors.

Mr. Gielgud might have chosen his permanent company specially for the play, so perfectly do they fit into the casting. Mr. Paul Scofield plays Pierre, the simple soldierly friend whom Jaffeir betrays; and this is one of the best performances I have seen him give. Perhaps Mr. Scofield is really a very uncomplicated actor whom the subtleties of a complex part perplex. Here, anyhow, with a straight and strong character, direct and forceful, he seems to be perfectly in command. His simple solutions ring out bold and clear:

> Rats die in Holes and Corners, Dogs run mad;
> Man knows a braver Remedy for sorrow:
> Revenge! the Attribute of Gods, they stamp it
> With their great image on our natures;

Miss Eileen Herlie is on her own ground in tragedy, but in the part of a fond wife, Belvidera, she is up against a very difficult challenge indeed, and on her own interpretation she meets it very squarely with dignity, pathos and nobility. But I cannot help wondering whether, deceived by the analogies with Brutus's Portia perhaps, she hasn't been allowed to make the part too sympathetic, whether it would give a sharper edge to the conflict if we were allowed to feel that she was something more of a psychological villainess, applying an emotional blackmail to Jaffeir's weakness, and she less noble than she is presented here, more conscious of her base power over him. That, at least, is how I read her repeated offers of her life to Jaffeir's dagger that mount in violence until the culminating scene (immensely powerful and superbly played) when Jaffeir comes, really meaning to kill her and cannot find the resolution to do it. Surely, too, Jaffeir's own attitude fits in with this, an attitude made so admirably expressive in Mr. Gielgud's delivery of the key speech in the fourth act where Jaffeir yields to her and agrees to take to the senate a list of the conspirators:

> Come, lead me forward like a tame Lamb
> To Sacrifice: thus in his fatal Garlands,
> Deck'd fine and pleased, The wanton skips and plays,
> Trots by the enticing flattering Priestess' side,
> And much transported with his little pride,
> Forgets his dear Companions of the plain
> Till by Her, bound, He's on the Altar layn
> Yet then too hardly bleats, such pleasure's in the pain.

This passage, by the way, is not very typical of the verse structure which is mostly unrhymed and makes much play with the feminine ending. But it is typical in its diction and in its decidedly uncertain syntax and its blurring epithets, faults which largely contribute to the smudged effect of the whole. In performance, as I have said, this is glossed over, partly by Mr. Gielgud's superb delivery (his voice seems to find yet a new level of lyric power), partly by providing a succession of increasingly dramatic scenes. Comic relief—and delightfully comic it is—is supplied by the notorious scenes between an old senator and his whore. Mr. Richard Wordsworth and Miss Pamela Brown conduct these with absolute perfection. Mr. Wordsworth is an expert at these deathheads, and he uses a commendable restraint. Miss Pamela Brown has a deadly accuracy of attack alike in her passion and her bored indifference. The supporting players are excellent and Mr. Leslie Hurry's sets successfully conjure a Venice of villainy and passion.

T. C. Worsley

WATCH AND LISTEN

Ever since television became so popular, a secret defeatism has settled in the sound studios at Broadcasting House. Nothing, we are told, can save the old medium. However much the B.B.C. may starve TV and restrict its activities, it is bound to win in the end.

And yet there is no law about this, no certainty. One day the novelty will wear off, and then television's extra dimension may prove to be a handicap. Looking at TV is quite a business: one has to sit down and, what is even worse, one has to concentrate. Sound seldom makes such exhausting demands: the housewife can go happily about her work—peeling potatoes at one moment, darning socks the next—and always at her side is this delightful companion, crooning, cooing, tittering at its own jokes, so practical at times, so wise. Indeed, television at the moment seems to have only one decisive advantage over sound, apart from the novelty, and that is its freedom from the drearier conventions. Even the most casual visitor to a TV studio must notice the atmosphere—the eagerness to experiment, the excitement that goes right through to the technicians. So long as that survives, television will remain a formidable rival.

The present writer must go carefully because, except for one or two chance hours, he has only tried to study television since he became a radio critic. These must be tentative conclusions, but, even so, it is difficult to see how sound will ever be able to compete in certain programmes. All sport is done very well, especially when the ball is confined to a space within the compass of the screen. The news reels are usually brilliant, illuminating a statement, say, about Indo-China with the crude humanities—French troops loping up to the line and turning round to wave a tired farewell. Some of the reporting can be good—witness the first Coronation film where the camera was always on the move, gathering speed as it picked up the details.

But at this point a doubt creeps in. None of

CHILD LEFT ALL ALONE AT NIGHT

N.S.P.C.C. Find Mother in Pub

This is a typical report by an N.S.P.C.C. Inspector: "One night a gentleman passing on his way saw a four-year-old boy lying on the pavement under the windows of a public house. A small crowd had gathered, but no one seemed to know the little boy, and all they could get out of him was: 'I'm looking for my Mum.' Fifteen minutes later the gentleman passed by again. The crowd had dispersed but the little boy was still there, trying to cover himself with a newspaper. The gentleman reported the facts to the Police, who telephoned the Inspector. The Inspector went immediately to the small boy, who was very distressed. He still had the newspaper, trying to cover himself. The Inspector asked the child where his mummy was. He replied 'I don't know.' Asked who was looking after him, he replied 'Nobody'."

Brother had gone to Cinema

"The Inspector went inside the public house but the mother was not there. The landlady told the Inspector in which public house he might find her. After leaving the child in the care of a woman nearby, the Inspector visited several public houses, and located the woman in one quite a distance away. He told her to go and take her child home at once. This she did, and then the Inspector asked for an explanation. The woman said she put the child to bed and went out, leaving him alone. Her 13-year-old boy was playing in the street, and she told him to go home and look after his brother. Instead he went to the cinema. The mother went to the public house. This woman had previously been warned for leaving the children to go drinking by the Police and the Society. When brought before the magistrates she pleaded guilty and was placed on probation for two years."

If you know of a child in trouble, do please get in touch with the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Sometimes, as in this case, they are forced to prosecute, but 9 cases out of 10 they settle with practical help and advice. The Society is not nationalised and depends entirely on voluntary gifts. Please send a donation NOW—before you forget—to the N.S.P.C.C., Room 68, Victory House, Leicester Square, London. W.C.2.

the plays I have seen has been particularly convincing. One of the good things about the new medium is that it is an infallible lie detector: how wickedly the camera pursues the pompous expert in *Animal, Vegetable, Mineral*, as he lays down the law when he does not really know. Unfortunately, it is equally remorseless in a play, drawing the eye away from the cast and to anything shoddy—to the feeble back-cloth or the phoney vista. Then, again, the camera often seems to get static and clumsy and so gives an impression, not of an ever-widening world, but of one that has shrunk to pin-head size. Far from liberating the imagination, the mind gets tethered, failing to create the illusion that sound can always do when it is at its best. For this reason Strindberg's *The Dance of Death* on the Third seemed to me much more successful than Ibsen's *The Lady From the Sea* on TV. Miss Lehmann's witch-like voice immediately suggested the right atmosphere, whereas Miss Irene Worth, good actress though she is, never quite conveyed either poetry or tragedy. One was bothered by a recurring question: in what way has television added to this work, and the answer is the same as if we were to see a play transferred bodily to a film. The change adds nothing, so that the new version has much the same connection with the original as a photograph to a human being.

The same doubt persists at a music-hall performance where TV ought, in theory, to have the advantage. In fact the extra dimension emphasises the unreality instead of overcoming it: one is conscious of one's own chair and misses the essential feeling of the music hall—the seedy evening clothes of the orchestra, greasy red plush, the cigarette smoke caught in the foot-lights. One suspects, too, that the B.B.C. makes a mistake in sometimes allowing its performers to play to a live audience. On the stage a comedian can raise a laugh by small touches—a wink, the impertinent cock of an eyebrow—but on television these are either over-emphasised in a close-up or are gone so quickly that the viewer is puzzled and irritated by the applause. Without a live audience a comedian would learn to dispense with those tricks that are ineffective and would work out a technique more suitable to the medium.

Television is still very young, very untried, and will not, perhaps, reach maturity for two or three years. One gets a feeling sometimes that the new machines are too complicated, that the producers are afraid to push all the buttons in case the thing should blow up. But they will learn both the possibilities and limitations of their medium and in the meantime they should be given their heads, even at the risk that they may sometimes make mistakes.

HUGH MASSINGHAM

THREE SCULPTORS

I FEEL something of a prig about Manzu, the Italian sculptor. In the past I have been happily seduced by his work and now I want to complain that his art is the equivalent of a courtesan's. Yet faced with the 14 bronzes (nude ballet girls, cardinals, portrait heads and playing children) now at the Hanover Gallery, no other judgment seems possible. Heavens! They have their old attraction, their consummate tact, their aristocratic remoteness, their curiously voluptuous high-bred nostalgia, their sensibility, and the wiles by which they persuade that perfection of touch is all, that the caress is the very source of sculpture. But sadly, when you disengage yourself and stand back, they lack integrity: by which I mean that finally—again the image of the courtesan—they are based on the most exquisitely tasteful, beautifully timed opportunism. This obviously has nothing to do with Manzu's conscious intentions; it is the result (for once in an attractive form) of the contemporary artist's general isolation, of his being tempted, spiritually if not financially, to be a gentleman of leisure, and therefore, however professional a craftsman, a dilettante in attitude: not a seer.

One might infer this from the apparent mood of many of Manzu's works, the "absent" dreaminess, the most gently doped half-closed eyes, the drugged combination of languor and odd tension, the feeling that, for all their fullness of form, their spirit is as obtuse and elusive as the smile of the Cheshire cat. But to do so is perhaps to be over-subjective. The same evidence, however, can be seen in their form. None of the three large figures is really coherent and even the smaller ones are somehow lop-sided—perhaps sensually over-developed. The reclining Susanna looks uncomfortable (one wants to put a pillow under her back), the dancing girl barely stands, and the cardinal, making every allowance for his stiff cope, has no shoulders at all—is too arbitrarily an astutely seen life-like head on a simplified pyramid. But—and this is the point—all very nearly succeed in deceiving one by the sheer delight of their separate parts. And here is the practice and skill of what I called the artist's opportunism; for, in fact, even the parts are inconsistent, are "gagged." The fullness of a thigh yielding to the weight of another is simplified classic: the hand of the same body is pure "broken" impressionism: the bow on a dress is the sculptural equivalent of Watteau, the simplification of the back of the head almost Gauguinesque: and so on. With the exception of one portrait (No. 9), no dominating motive—as distinct from a certain unity of surface rhythm—governs any single work. Instead, one imagines the artist modelling from form to form, never having the emotional perspective to see his relationship with his subject as a whole, but always considering isolated aspects in terms of improvised, immediate enjoyment. If such criticism sounds mean—and it may do, for it is tinged by the guilt of my own pleasure—look at the drawings. Superbly dissembling Renaissance fakes, but surely never the worknig drawings of a profound artist?

Leon Underwood, who has about a hundred carvings, bronzes, drawings and paintings (1930-1953) at the Beaux Arts Gallery, is temperamentally the exact opposite of Manzu. He is the equivalent of a missionary: the heresy he fights is the cult of the Intellect unrelated to Intuitive and Spiritual values. If Manzu's figures are sleepy and drugged, Underwood's are rampant and aspiring. Yet both suffer from the same fault. Despite entirely different motives, Underwood is also forced to improvise. Again isolated and traditionless, he has to borrow forms from Africa, Mexico, the modern movement in Europe, and, except in a few flame-like figures in ecstatic action, is unable to relate them together as a whole. In so far as his works suggest brave intentions, one admires them. But a work of art must do more than *suggest* even the best intention; it must *declare* it and in the unity of that declaration justify it.

Manzu can stimulate our sensuous appetite, Underwood our religious consciousness, but neither can satisfy them. For that one must go to the Kensington Gallery and look at the wood carvings (not the bronzes) of Marin Studin. Studin, a Yugoslav and brother-in-law of Mestrovic, is neither half as skilful as Manzu nor with half the intellectual grasp of Underwood, but he has become, as they have not, an integrated consistent artist. This I think is partly due to his own straightforward fervour of conviction and partly to the fact that he has been able to work within, and indeed to develop, a still vital local tradition. His energy has never become sensuously or intellectually promiscuous; it has all gone into the mastery of his material—wood, and into the mastery of the idiom of his tradition. His early church carvings are sincere but naturally somewhat inhibited. His later wood-reliefs—many of them done while he was working with the Partisans—are among the most directly moving contemporary works I have seen: particularly one panel called *War*, in which the cattle with their suckling young and the mothers with their children all lie—with their ears back as it were—low into the ground, while above them their men fight—as though driving in stakes to mark their right of advance.

JOHN BERGER

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ELEKTRA

From the moment she appeared on the steps of Agamemnon's palace, spitting and snarling, one felt sure that Erna Schlüter would be a terrific Electra. So she was: Erinys, Hofmannsthal's *dämonische Göttin der Rache*, single-minded and terrible, melting only for one moment—and that the most exciting in the opera—when her brother returns. Visually, rather than vocally, one remembers her, spreadeagled against the huge bronze doors, scrabbling for the horribly cherished axe, eyes starting through greasy hanks of hair. Purely as sound, her voice did not ride the orchestral climaxes as it should, did not cut through the storm as did, say, Welitsch's in *Salome*. But Schlüter dominated the opera, the music-cum-drama, first fruit of the Strauss-Hofmannsthal alliance, with complete assurance. The Chrysothemis, Annelies Kupper, a noted Daphne and creatrix of Danae, is an intelligent and beautiful artist; but again there were moments when instead of hearing one had to deduce her notes. Which does not mean that Erich Kleiber let his orchestra play too loudly, but probably that an ideally balanced *Elektra* is hardly attainable in Covent Garden.

Strauss, in his Ten Golden Rules for Conductors, directed that *Elektra* should be played "like Mendelssohn—fairy music." He wrote with his tongue in his cheek, but it was a fair protest against those who considered his score "a fearful racket." Kleiber rendered it with scrupulousness and delicacy. He is not an emotional conductor, nor spontaneous: one sensed the calculation, but this was so finely done that the effect was overwhelming. In fact, the opera probably benefits from objective, almost impersonal direction. More than a psychological melodrama (like *Salome*), it reaches tragedy. Hofmannsthal's already distinguished play is made more vivid in Strauss's music. The actors' timing and inflexions are more subtly, more precisely defined than they could be by any dramatist, and in the orchestral score the interpretation of the action is fixed, with genius: the overtones, the allusions backward and forward, the dominating shadow of Agamemnon are all there in the music. The conductor and his orchestra are chorus to the action: and where *Salome* is rhapsodic in form, the action of *Elektra*, the musical paragraphs, the very timbres of the score are laid out in great blocks, like the Mycenæan masonry authentically reproduced in Isabel Lambert's imposing set. Kleiber showed himself a master-builder.

Rudolf Hartmann's production also reflected this structural sense, moving from the animated groupings of the five maids, the staggering emotion of Clytemnestra contrasted with the girlish bearing of Chrysothemis, to the firmly resolute entrance of Orestes (sung with dignity by Hans Braun), and the final wild triumph. The one great fault was Clytemnestra. Edith Coates had studied the part carefully. She sang her words with admirable distinctness, but failed utterly to project the corrupt character. This remained no more than a promising sketch for Clytemnestra, and it left a gap in the compact drama, quarter-of-an-hour's slackened tension.

Elektra *Norma* and *Wozzeck* are the three things Covent Garden has done best since the war. Although each has relied on guest artists, the local company has provided for each support in the smaller parts, and a fitting frame. *Elektra*, on May 13, marked the opening of a Grand International Coronation Season, with a repertory of five German operas, three Italian and one British. Two streets away, at the Stoll, there is another season of Grand Opera: Verdi's *Rigoletto*, *Traviata*, *Forza* and *Otello*. Very different from Covent Garden this: wretched orchestral playing, superficial production, unambitious workaday sets. But the faults have been catalogued elsewhere: what has not been generally said is how much more lively it is than the uninspired, anglicised (or teutonic) worthiness which passes for Italian opera during the ordinary London season. Starved for so long of the sound of Italian voices singing Italian, we can enjoy a full-blooded, lusty company which numbers among its singers some distinguished veterans, and several rising young artists who have already found favour at the Scala and San Carlo. It would be a pity to miss any of these productions. In particular Virginia Zeani (a moving Violetta), Gianni Raimondi (the Duke in *Rigoletto*, and Alfredo) and the whole of an enjoyable, if immature *Otello* should be heard.

Amid this operatic welter, another brave venture must be noted. The City Opera Club presented Gluck's *Armide* at Toynbee Hall last week. This other revengeful heroine loves her enemy, tries to hate him, and dares not know whether his love for her is real, or only the product of her spells. The interesting situation has called forth, in Act 3, some of Gluck's finest pages, which were effectively sung by Veronica Lucas and an enthusiastic company.

ANDREW PORTER

THE MOVIES

"Man on a Tightrope," at the Marble Arch Odeon
"The Imposter," at the Academy
"To-night We Sing," at the Odeon
"The Oracle," at the Empire

Man on a Tightrope, written by Robert E. Sherwood and directed by Elia Kazan, is a first-rate thriller. The theatre, as you might guess, comes into it quite a lot; theatrical, in the main, are characters and situations. That hasn't impeded its success. In appearance, at any rate, *Man on a Tightrope* is captivating indeed: and with a thriller appearances count for much, if not everything.

Circus on the road in Czechoslovakia: round a bend sweep soldiers on motor-cycles, furiously waving to one side elephants, vans, cages; horses roar and monkeys gibber, and then comes the convoy of prisoners, standing in lorries, with grim looks and crosses on their backs. Only too well one could hazard their destination, but—since this is make-believe—the grimness only brushes. Tension is created. In a thriller all that increases tension is good and all that relaxes bad; its reality should, without probing, prick. Thus we are the victims—not unwilling—of a confidence trick, which at any given moment we can see through and laugh off. But persuasion is strong, the racy enormity woos us. So, although *Man on a Tightrope* tells the story of a circus owner trapped by totalitarianism and making the wild bid across the frontier, circus and all, what grips is not the tortured longing but the adventure itself. This the film very effectively works out, with a behind-the-scenes interest that Hitchcock might envy; sentimentality pops up its head only with the absurd rival circus-master lending a hand and the on-with-the-motley ending. The secret police are rather more speculative, but on the thriller level sufficient. The escape itself is brilliantly built up and sustained, and Mr. Fredric March as the unquenchable escaper is solid enough to suggest deeper feelings.

The Imposter is Japanese. If it lacks the mastery of Akiro Kurosawa—whose *Rashomon* and *Tora-No-O* had been our previous experience of Japanese film-making—it is still an enjoyable piece whose popularities come to us with a fresh look. The stylised sword-play may awaken a flicker in those tired of gun battles, and the agile if plump hero adds a ceremonious touch to Fair-

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hankism. One *Imposter* can be rather fun. But we have been spoilt. Next time we shall expect Kurosawa or nothing.

The parade of opera, ballet, and violin solos through *To-night We Sing* is strung round the career of one Sol Hurok who apparently, leaving Russia to become a trolley-car conductor in New York, went on to compere Pavlova, Chaliapin, Ysaye, and others of the famous in America. Pavlova dances—or rather, not she, but very delightfully, Toumanova; and Chaliapin detonates in *Boris* and *Faust*, but it is, with considerably less effect, Ezio Pinza. Off-stage he bohemianly overwhelms.

The Oracle, a Group III production, is one of those good little English films that seem not quite good enough. A voice in a well on a remote island starts and keeps the joke going: it answers questions, foresees the future, provides a young reporter with racing tips that soon break the racing industry, and ends—well, perhaps one shouldn't give away more. Mr. Gilbert Harding is the Voice, and enormously more enjoyably so than in his previous appearances in the flesh. The trouble with this film is that its fun isn't particularly funny and its seriousness irks. Clair did something not unlike and fifty times better.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"High Spirits," at the Hippodrome

High spirits, perhaps; certainly higher brows than Hippodrome revue audiences are accustomed to. There was much applause and few laughs on the third night. Henry James pining for Mammie, an Existentialist sextet, Lord Leighton's chilliest model—to the audience it all seemed to ring a rather thin bell; they sat like Home Service listeners fidgeting over the Third Programme. Perhaps the highest common denominator was Osbert Lancaster's brilliant decor. The Ackermann village green, the Jean Gabin railway-siding, the bosky Betjemanesque stately home—the wit in this kind of pastiche hits the eye and mind as instantaneously as Maudie Littlehampton herself. The first half of the show is a kind of 1066-and-All-That excursus and is immeasurably better than the second. In the latter Mr. Peter Myers has dished up far too many old sketches which we have already seen and enjoyed (or just seen) elsewhere. Mr. Myers is an inveterate hit-or-misser, and as he is loth to give up anything which has once raised the faintest smile at the New Lindsey, this part of the evening is rather too much like Mrs. Pooter's cold shape. It is redeemed by Mr. Cyril Ritchard, who once again proves himself incomparably the best male revue artist of his day and age.

J. N. B. R.

"The Seven Year Itch," at the Aldwych

The dropping of a plant-pot from the verandah of one apartment to another leads a simple-minded middle-aged New York publisher to make the acquaintance (while his wife and son are at the seaside) of a not quite so simple-minded young television model. That, culminating in the bedroom, is the action and, somehow the neural itch of the ugly title. Three different forces are responsible for the success of this diverting American farce—Mr. Brian Reece as the guy in book-business, John Gerstad's sure slick hand at direction and, though he has nothing else, the author Mr. George Axelrod's beautiful efficiency with the effects: the first dropped pot begins an unflagging string of them, concealed loudspeakers cleverly exploit the cinema's old joke of giving aloud what the characters are thinking and, announced by incidental music, are inset lively scenes of day-dream. The palm goes to Mr. Reece: springy, neat and varied, he shadow-boxes with the voice of his conscience, spars with his wife on the telephone, takes a hammering from a strolling psychiatrist and finally excels in three or four long clinching rounds with the girl. Rosemary Harris as the double-dealing *ingénue* has an attractive freshness but by contrast hers is an unsubtle performance. The rest of the cast, headed by Alexander Gauge and Margot Stevenson, admirably sustains the light fun.

A. C.

Correspondence

THE CASE OF PETER EVANS

SIR,—The Government of Kenya has seen fit to prescribe me as a "prohibited immigrant" and in doing so to add the smear that I am a person with "Communist sympathies" and "an associate of persons suspected of subversive activities." The best reply, I think, is a purely factual statement.

On December 15, 1952, I entered the Colony and Protectorate of Kenya on what is called a "visitor's pass." On January 13, by permission of the Chief Justice of the Colony, I joined my learned friend Mr. D. N. Pritt, Q.C., in the case known as Regina *versus* Kenyatta and five others, in which an appeal to the Supreme Court of Kenya is now pending.

On the conclusion of the trial I elected to remain in the Colony as my pass had a duration of six months. However, it was apparently assumed by many Africans that I was perhaps more objective in my views than the local variety of European, and I was from time to time approached to examine alleged evidence of misconduct by members of the forces of "law and order", which they tendered to me with a view to the institution of private prosecutions. These allegations ranged from mere beating to murder, and the number of cases eventually exceeded thirty. In most of these cases, though the evidence was highly suggestive, it was none the less defective from a technical point of view as it had not been assembled by an experienced lawyer.

The rumours of such misconduct apparently became current in England, for I observed in the press that the Colonial Secretary denied in the House their substance while at the same time undertaking to probe any factual evidence which was placed before him. In these circumstances I concluded that it was time for me to take him at his word and to examine more thoroughly the material in my possession. I therefore selected several cases, the most important of which concerned the deaths of two Kikuyu, Kimani wa Karanja and Chege wa Kahembie, who, it was alleged, had been shot out of hand without any form of trial during the month of April by an officer of either the military or police forces.

On April 25, in company with Mr. Alan Humphreys of the *Daily Mail*, I met certain people in the Ndeiya location of the Kikuyu Reserve and was by them introduced to a man called K——. He took us to a remote and isolated place in the reserve where he showed us a very much decayed corpse which he said was that of the said Kimani. He failed to find the body of Chege and expressed the opinion that it had been destroyed by wild animals. Death had taken place, he said, on Saturday, April 18, and he had witnessed it. This man showed every evidence of extreme fear. He begged me not to turn the information over to the police, as he said that if it were known to them that he were a witness to a police murder as he alleged, his life would be a very short one, as steps would be taken to close his mouth firmly and finally. This placed me in a difficulty; it was not necessary that I should share his view, it was necessary that I should take account of his obviously sincere belief in its truth. I asked him if he would give me a statement and he consented to do so only if I would for my part undertake not to hand the same over to any policeman until I had assured myself of his safety. I therefore decided to carry on the investigation myself, seeing the other witness he named, until such time as I could have some idea in which quarter the alleged murderer was to be found. I could therefore turn the matter over to a section of the police quite unconnected with him. I therefore saw other witnesses, who all showed the same terror, and I elicited the following story.

On ——, a European officer of some kind left a police station with five prisoners including the two deceased men. They spent the morning driving around in a truck, and the officer spoke to a number of persons. They arrived at the place of alleged execution at about 3 p.m. when two men were taken out of the truck and shot out of hand. My original informant had been herding cattle on an escarpment above this place in company with other men and had, so he said, witnessed the whole grisly transaction unseen.

I managed to see one of this man's companions, and I managed to trace and to take a statement from one of the alleged survivors of the alleged massacre. All the statements were mutually corroborative. Taking the statement of the last, I followed the course of the truck throughout the forenoon and at each point found independent witnesses to the movement of the truck as alleged by the survivor. At this point I was satisfied that there was a strong *prima facie* case of murder against an individual whose name and identity were unknown to me, but whom the police and military could hardly fail to identify. So I turned the whole thing over to the police. The date is not unimportant: it was 7 p.m. on May 1.

On the following day I saw a more senior officer and undertook to bring the alleged witnesses to him when he should require, for him to take his own independent statements from them. Here again the chief difficulty was the manifest fear of each and every witness (some of whom were, by the way, Home Guards). The burden of their contention was "if we get involved in this we shall be beaten up and we may end as dead ducks." In these circumstances the senior police officer made a very sensible and humane decision. Throughout the investigation, the witnesses were to remain under my personal supervision and I was to be in the police station when they were there to make their statements to him. This decision put heart into all of them, and I felt reasonably confident that they would do their duty and tell the truth.

AFTER THE FUNERAL

AGATHA CHRISTIE

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However at this point the Government took a hand and entirely frustrated this very reasonable decision.

On May 6, at 8 a.m., an official of the Immigration Department called on me and served me with a notice purporting to terminate my visitor's permit to remain in the Colony on the alleged ground that I had violated its terms and conditions by appearing in the Kapenguria trial weeks before without the consent of the Department. I do not wish to go into the technicalities of the Department's allegations save to say that never hitherto, so far as I am aware, has a visiting lawyer ever applied for such permission or been required so to do. To show that the alleged transgression had no factual existence and that the notice was therefore invalid was child's play, and the department was accordingly so notified forthwith.

It should be noted, however, that on May 4 I had placed the whole dossier of the alleged murder in the hands of the Governor with instructions to him to forward the same forthwith to the Secretary of State, and it at once seemed to me—and perhaps the more charitable may conclude that I am of an unduly suspicious nature—that this and the withdrawal of my pass were not entirely unconnected, and that were I not there to give the alleged witnesses some moral support, the investigation might be more satisfactory to the Government and other people in the Colony. It seemed to me—and still seems to me—that I may not be the only person to whom this idea has occurred. I therefore voiced this suspicion to the press, who apparently felt that it had sufficient substance to invite the Government to comment thereon. The Chief Secretary, Mr. H. S. Potter, obliged: "There is absolutely no connection between the decision of the Government to cancel the permit and Mr. Evans' report to the Governor about alleged misconduct by the security forces—absolutely none." I fancy that mine was not the only sceptical eyebrow to be raised.

Apparently this statement was given out before authority had realized that its case that the permit's terms and conditions had been broken had been exploded, for within twenty-four hours, i.e., on Friday May 8, Excellency took time off in the middle of a busy afternoon to rush back to Government House to meet his Council for the express purpose of declaring me a "prohibited immigrant," a pronouncement which is not subject to any judicial review. This happily conceived gambit made of course complete nonsense of the Chief Secretary's previous statement to the press. If the Government saw fit to class me with insane persons, white slavers, prostitutes, convicted persons and such undesirable immigrants, it had done so only at the expense of making its Chief Secretary look a fool and a rather untruthful and hypocritical one at that! "When you have a bad case abuse the attorney on the other side" is an old legal maxim; so the Government promptly on the Friday night issued a smear to the *East African Standard*. "The Government," it said this time through an unidentified spokesman, "is satisfied that Mr. Evans has Communist sympathies and that since his arrival in the Colony has been associating for some time with persons who are suspected of being engaged in subversive activities." The statement is untrue in both respects and significantly failed to comment on the relevant question, was there a strong *prima facie* case of murder or not, and had they identified the alleged murderer? Further, there was no comment on my allegation that I had information concerning over thirty other similar cases and that, as people were afraid to go to the police but would come to me, investigation of them would be stifled.

In these circumstances I executed a tactical withdrawal to Moshi just over the Tanganyika border and not too far from Nairobi, to put myself out of the jurisdiction of the Kenya Government and under the protection of a government less subject to unofficial pressure. However within hours of my arrival I was informed by the Tanganyika authorities that this Colony had likewise proscribed me, apparently at the request of Nairobi or possibly on the orders of a remoter authority.

Meanwhile the investigation into the alleged murder proceeds in Kenya away from prying eyes; word reaches me that the alleged witnesses have, since my departure, diminished faith in their respective futures . . . and the investigation of the other cases remains stifled and effectively stifled.

PETER EVANS

RALPH PARTRIDGE

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MARXISM REVISITED

SIR,—Possibly I am only one of an obtuse minority who are impressed by the temerity and skill of John Strachey's reverent singeing of Marx's beard, yet remain puzzled at the tangled bush he has left.

I gather that the falsification of Marx's prediction of increasing proletarian misery under capitalism ". . . has been done, not by leaving capitalism alone to work out its own laws of development, but by . . . the almost revolutionary interference with those laws. . . ." From this and its context it would appear that capitalism and "its own laws" are evil and the modifying interference is good. But surely whatever may be our definition of "capitalism," it is not a mechanistic institution detached from human beings, but a projection of their psychological disposition. Man originally made a spade to serve his purpose: the spade did not make the man. Nor did metal shape itself into sword or ploughshare. So with any economic mechanism, it is humanly constructed and maintained in correspondence with prevailing desires and needs and is modified as those desires and needs change.

Capitalism was not deliberately fashioned and specifically inaugurated, but was an extension of preceding economic arrangements. Its "laws" are registrations of human behaviour in respect of wealth, production and distribution, and therefore fluctuate because man and his circumstances are not static. Even if we exclude ethics from the content of those "laws," they include many operative human factors besides crude acquisitiveness and the lust for power. Prudence, shrewdness and enlightened self-interest are also operative; and, because of these, capitalists have made drastic adjustments in the mechanism they control. Earlier forms of capitalism may have been modified by political and trade union "interference" or pressure, but equally they may have been modified by the recognition that efficiency could be improved by diminishing profits and by checking a disequilibrium. Did not Keynes propose a socially beneficial means by which "capitalism" could be improved?

To argue that if capitalism adopts the expediency of accepting a smaller surplus from the exploitation of Labour it is then being modified by external interference, is, I suggest, approximate to claiming that capitalism is simply a word covering all we happen to dislike and criticise, and really begs the question.

"Exploitation" itself is an ambiguous term, and Marx was hard put to it to devise an alleged principle of value upon which a definition of "exploitation" must depend. When the Co-op distributes the financial surplus of its trading through the "Divi", the man behind the counter, representing the producers, could allege that was evidence he was exploited by being paid too little. But the woman in front of the counter, representing the consumers, could allege she was exploited by having paid too much. By what criterion of value do we settle the dispute? It could be said that both the ballet dancer in the Soviet Union and the head of a nationalised British industry were exploiting their respective communities by receiving fat salaries. "Exploitation" and "economic value" are alike subject to many factors, including those of assessment of priorities and alternatives in commodities, judgement of equity in exchange, the effectiveness of various incentives and calculations of possible supply and demand. Personally I would also add that ethical considerations are not entirely absent, for the Acquisitive Society persists because of a predominant fallacious conception that personal acquisitiveness is good. In any case economic mechanism, I submit, ultimately and basically is not self-existent but is related to human psychology, and the term "capitalism" is either ambiguous or misleading unless used as broadly descriptive of an era.

May I further suggest that Marx's error was not so much "essentially a political error" but a lack of psychological analysis of economics, and that, perhaps both Marx and his modern barber make the mistake of accepting the abstraction of Economic Man, very much as theological fundamentalists insist on keeping the Devil in order to justify Hell.

Nevertheless, I am greatly indebted to John Strachey for his dexterous examination of the doctrines of a challenging genius and the salutary evidence that Marx is not an infallible deity or the sanction of totalitarian sycophancy.

REGINALD SORENSEN

House of Commons.

SIR,—If I understand him aright, Mr. Strachey is saying that trade union and political action can raise the living standards of the masses to such an extent that class tensions will be relaxed and overproduction avoided. In this way the Marxist prediction of the collapse of capitalism will be falsified.

Incredible as it may seem, the author of "The Nature of Capitalist Crisis" has forgotten his own answer to the under-consumptionists. In the long run, higher wages can be obtained only at the expense of the accumulation of capital. (The redistribution of personal incomes is quite irrelevant here, for only a negligible fraction of the total product is consumed by the capitalist class.) Inevitably there comes a stage when an increase in wages and a continuance of accumulation become mutually exclusive. At that stage, the existence of capitalism is threatened.

Mr. Strachey, who bases his "revisionism" on a complete distortion of Marxist wages theory, tells us that the growth of democracy is the element which Marx overlooked. But democracy did not come out of the sky. Its development and continued existence are a result of the struggle of the Labour Movement, the struggle for Socialism. This struggle, while it must work for whatever improvement is possible under capitalism, cannot succeed so long as its aim is confined within the framework of capitalist society, or as Marx correctly put it, within the framework of the wages system.

CYRIL SMITH

UNESCO WITCH-HUNT

SIR,—May I, until very recently a member of the Unesco secretariat in Paris and an executive officer of the Staff Association for almost four years, state my appreciation of the viewpoint expressed by L. Roger Smithson in your columns last week.

There is little doubt that the resolute stand of the Staff Association has powerfully aided Unesco to retain its soul. For example, an original staff regula-

tion, formulated only a few years ago when hopes for world peace through cultural interchange ran high, declared that Unesco should not employ Nazis, Fascists, or those guilty of militarist aggression. At Unesco's conference last November in Paris, the Administration officially presented a revised set of Staff regulations. The regulation I have mentioned had disappeared. This coincided not only with increasing pressure to bring the regulations in line with those existing at U.N., which give the Secretary-General more arbitrary powers than the Director-General of Unesco possesses, but also with the entry of Franco Spain as a member state of Unesco. Solely as a result of Staff Association work, a majority of the delegates, led by Israel and India, voted to retain this regulation. And there it is today, a safeguard of sorts against the entry of the kind of spirit which Unesco was set up to fight culturally.

Further, the U.S. Government has withdrawn passports from a number of American nationals working in Unesco, and in one particular case has demanded that the official present himself forthwith before a federal grand jury. The Staff Association has rightly seen this as a threat to international civil servants everywhere and has engaged legal advice. Now, I hear, Franco is demanding a check-up: and most of the Spaniards working in the Maison de l'Unesco are Republicans! They, like all members of the secretariat, have no political axe to grind. They want to be allowed to do a job in terms of the oath they have taken, which declares their loyalty is to the Organisation they serve and not to any national interest.

Much difficulty arises from the fact that the status of the international civil servant has not yet been defined legally. Such a being in international legal terms does not seem to exist. The exact definition of the status of the international civil servant should be a task of high priority.

In their own defence, which coincides with the best interests of the charter of the U.N., staff associations of the U.N. and the Specialised Agencies have within the past year set up a Federation of International Civil Servants' Associations (F.I.C.S.A.). It is this body which should be recognised as the official spokesman of the international civil servant.

MAURICE GOLDSMITH

SIR,—Thought-control is not confined to Unesco. A press release issued by the State Department on October 28, 1952, revealed that there had for some time been a "confidential arrangement" between Trygve Lie and the State Department, whereby the State Department, "drawing upon its access to information held by the security agencies of the United States Government, has been of assistance to the Secretary-General in identifying United States citizens employed or contemplated for employment, who would appear to be Communists."

A memorandum describing how this collaboration works in practise can be found at page 415 of the report of the McCarran Subcommittee on Internal Security concerning the activities of United States citizens employed by the United Nations. From this it is clear that the United Nations itself submits the names of officials employed by the organisation to the State Department and asks for a report upon them. Investigations are then made, and a report compiled which, if "adverse" is transmitted back to the United Nations, and the organisation then acts on the report that has been submitted.

Members of the McCarran Subcommittee questioned John Hickerson, Assistant Secretary of State for United Nations Affairs about the meaning of an "adverse report," and his answers (at page 272 of the report) deserve wider publicity than they received at the time.

Q.—Does the word adverse mean that the person was a member of the Communist party, or was subject to its discipline?

A.—Senator, it does not go quite that far. In some cases it indicated that there was a strong suspicion, or a likelihood.

Q.—In other words, the test whether it was absolute or doubtful was that the person was either a Communist or subject to the discipline of Communism?

A.—Or likely to become so.

Q.—Or likely to become so?

A.—Or that we suspected.

The most alarming feature of all this is the willing participation of the United Nations and its chief executive officer in the heresy hunting of the United States Government. No one can force the Secretary-General to make any confidential arrangement, no one can force him to submit the names of his officials to the State Department, and no one can force him to act on the adverse reports he receives. Indeed, Articles 100 and 101 of the Charter by their very terms would seem to preclude him from doing any such thing.

An international civil service requires officials with very special qualities. Political orthodoxy is the least of them. If such a civil service cannot be built up in America, then the U.N. should consider moving its headquarters to some other country where it can.

Temple, E.C.4. MICHAEL C. PARKER

TECHNICAL ASSISTANCE

SIR,—You quite rightly, in your issue of May 2, comment on the fact that whereas eight million pounds were allocated for technical assistance in South-East Asia through the Colombo Plan, only one-sixth of this amount has been spent, although the period for which it was allocated has almost ended; this is, as you explain, partially caused by the fact that less than half of the number of technical experts requested were sent.

The budget for the expanded U.N. programme of Technical Assistance for 1953 was fixed at twenty-five million dollars, but from the amounts so far pledged by the member States, it seems certain that not more than twenty million dollars will be available. As a result of this short-fall, the programme has received a severe set-back involving the cancellation of undertakings already agreed upon with some under-developed countries, the likelihood of the abandonment of some of the work already commenced in the colonies, and the halting of the programme's continued growth in response to the needs of the poorer countries.

The gravity of the situation is apparent when it is realised that by far the greater proportion of technical assistance carried out in the area of the Colombo Plan is provided by the U.N. and the Specialised Agencies.

The United Kingdom, in the first financial period of the U.N. Technical Assistance Programme, contributed £760,000 toward a budget of twenty million dollars, but for the present financial period has pledged only £500,000 toward the larger budget of twenty-five million dollars. It would seem to be an unfortunate situation that funds allocated for Technical Assistance through the Colombo Plan should now be standing idle, while the U.N. Technical Assistance Programme, providing services for some of the same areas covered by the Colombo Plan, is held up through lack of funds. It would seem to us that the British Government should immediately increase its grant for 1953 to not less than £760,000. If the Government were to do this, there would be an additional amount paid by the U.S. Government, which has agreed to contribute in the proportion of 60 to every 40 contributed by other U.N. states. An increase in the British contribution at this time, therefore, would go some way toward meeting the four million dollar deficit and might encourage other countries to increase their contribution to the programme.

DAVID ENNALS

BAMANGWATO APPOINTMENT

SIR,—The statement made by the Government on the appointment of Rasebolai is a dishonest quibble. Under the Native Administration Proclamation of 1943, it is the Native Authority, and not the Chief, who exercises real power. The Native Authority has *inter alia* power to arrest, to make orders and rules, disobedience to which is a criminal offence, and, with the consent of the Kgotla and approval of the High Commissioner, to levy taxes.

Until 1949, the High Commissioner was compelled by the terms of the Proclamation to appoint the Chief of any tribal area to be a Native Authority. By an amendment of that year, he was given discretion to appoint any other person to be a Native Authority if the office of Native Authority was vacant or if, in the opinion of the High Commissioner, such a course was in the interest of peace, order and good government. That is the section which has been used and it shows that Rasebolai has received all the substance of power. However, since it appears that some other Proclamation confers power on Chiefs as distinct from Native Authority, in September, 1952, a new Proclamation was enacted providing that any person appointed to office of Native Authority by virtue of Amendment previously mentioned, shall be entitled to exercise all the rights, powers and obligations conferred upon a Chief by any written law, or native law, or custom. It therefore follows that it is impossible for any Chief to have powers which Rasebolai has not got. The pretence that he is something less than a Chief is completely false.

National Council for Civil Liberties. ELIZABETH A. ALLEN

THE ECHOING GROVE

SIR,—I realise that it is probably unwise for any novelist (and particularly for one with a new book in the press) to protest against the idiosyncrasies of a fiction reviewer. Notwithstanding, I feel there must be other readers who were sorry to see the level of your paper's criticism so meanly debased by Miss Honor Tracy in her review of Miss Rosamond Lehmann's *The Echoing Grove*.

Surely Miss Tracy could have expressed her opinion of Miss Lehmann's novel in less vulgar terms? Your male fiction reviewers set an excellent standard in courtesy which Miss Tracy could well follow without damage to her personal opinion. As her review stands it reads like an expression of malicious intent. The reference to Miss I. Compton-Burnett appears to me to be particularly ill-chosen; I cannot imagine that any fellow novelist of Miss Lehmann's would wish to be associated with Miss Tracy's spleen.

I have not myself yet read Miss Lehmann's latest novel, although I intend to do so. I mention this to stress that my protest is purely ethical.

KAY DICK

THE ARCHERS

SIR,—New brooms have proverbial licence, but it is a pity that your radio critic should endeavour to remove a programme like *The Archers* in his indiscriminate sweep last week. It is not quite the real thing, but it is near enough to it to be heard with pleasure by a number of country people of my acquaintance, who would not expend useful time on a programme either dull or unreal. People in towns could be given a far worse impression of the country; it has little of the nauseating *mystique* the subject so often collects, and the social and economic background is as minutely exact as that of *Mrs. Dale* is nebulous. At its least it is a commendably effective and workmanlike effort, and occasionally something more; one character continues to intrigue and delight me. When a radio critic chooses to explore below the highbrow crust of the B.B.C.'s output, it is much easier to be clever than to be constructive; whether such precocities deserve their space in your columns is rather doubtful.

Glemsford, W. Suffolk. A. H. TELCE

BRITISH FILMS

SIR,—I am sorry that G. W. Stonier, a likeable, intelligent critic, thinks it fit to tell Charlie Chaplin, as one more reason why he should settle in England, that there is no British cinema of any worth. This to a French critic sounds horribly unfair. It is, amongst us, next to axiomatic that the British cinema has, in recent years, shot as many works of distinction or interest as have been shot in any other country. What of, may I ask, *Brief Encounter*, *Fires Were Started*, *Listen to Britain*, *Henry V*, *The Third Man*, *Kind Hearts and Coronets*, *The Queen of Spades*, *I Know Where I'm Going*, *The Overlanders*, *Hue and Cry*, *Odd Man Out*, or even *Chance of a Lifetime*? To which can be added that the most entertaining films of present-day *avant-garde* are the cartoons made by a Scot, Norman McLaren.

Héricy, Seine-et-Marne. JEAN QUEVAL

The New Statesman and Nation, May 23, 1953

Books in General

GEORGE SAND? We see a cigar-smoking woman, dressed as a man, with a top hat planted on her heavy curls, with a bold hawk nose and large brooding, questioning eyes, and the air of a George Eliot who emphatically disparages all sense of guilt. Sex and art: she will always have one more question to ask about them. We know a figure in two famous tragi-comedies; the Musset scandal, the flight of Chopin. We do not know, as the nineteenth century did, the novelist, not even the tales of the Nohant countryside that charmed Thackeray nor the autobiography. We ought to know *that* because George Sand is a life first and a novelist afterwards. The novelist generalised and inflated the life into a large number of rapidly written novels which ballooned out of her emotions and were really statements animated by puppets; the autobiographer, the diarist and letter writer wrote clearly, warmly and exactly. Yet some of those statement-novels were important. Their subject was herself, but it was a self capable of creating a climate. The *femme incomprise* was the articulate woman of the century; a creature with a heart and with a mind that asked for justice; equal rights with men, the same rights in marriage as her husband. George Sand created that emotional climate of romantic rebellion against official religions and legal tyrannies which oppressed women and the political tyrannies which held down the poor. She *did* go out in the streets in '48; but as an emotional democrat, not a party politician. Essentially, in politics, in religion, as in love, she was an interrogator, as M. André Maurois says in his new *Life**—a breathless asker of questions.

This new *Life* is M. Maurois at his best. In the past—if we except his life of Proust—he was at the mercy of wit, irony and those parcelled-up moralisings which French writers seem to pick up at the Lycée. At first they sharpen the palate of the Anglo-Saxon reader, then they madden us by their neatness. Now he works more patiently and from the basis of sympathy and critical tolerance. He has an outstanding skill in the handling of letters, diaries and all direct material where character tells; he is warmed rather than piqued by the variousness of human beings; and, in becoming more forgiving, he has become more perceptive. There are wonderful opportunities for malice about the character of George Sand and, since men do not easily forgive the women they fail to dominate, her lovers were often caustic. She was called not only an ogress, a vampire, a glutton of desire, but also a fool, a necropolis, and a *vache à écrire*, and to some extent, she deserved the abuse and ridicule. Those who take to immorality for strenuously moral reasons are not likely to escape from the comedy of self-deception. M. Maurois excels because he does not stop at the comedy and because, though he sees what may be called the case of George Sand with discreet psychological eye, he also sees what psychologists so often fail to do: the force, the weight, the variety and quality of the life which no case can really define. The proof of this is that the chapters which describe her middle age and old age as the matriarch of Nohant are as absorbing as the more dramatic ones which go into the always extraordinary question of her love affairs. Psychological enquiry, perhaps because of its determinist bias, has led to rigidly pessimistic conclusions: but even if we were to regard everything that comes from Rousseau as disastrous or grotesque or wicked, George Sand's life was, as M. Maurois says, a success. It exemplified the human gift for sliding as it were sideways out of disaster, bad conduct and doubtful philosophy or religion, into a position of virtue. Baudelaire, who hated her, regarded her as a fool into whom the Devil had insinuated himself; the Devil can rarely have have been so deceived by his own ingenuity.

Two very different but not hostile strains formed George Sand's character. On her father's side she was an aristocrat and even royal, though by illegitimate connection; on her mother's she was of the people. Her mother had been a dancer, a camp-follower and courtesan. George Sand's early childhood was passed in garrets and in the coarse excitement of camp life; her later childhood in the great house at Nohant. At 17 she was an heiress to a large estate, educated after Rousseau—a system certain to develop curiosity, observation and imagination but without training the intellect. If, later on, her lovers complained that she lectured them like a schoolmistress, she did to them merely what she did to herself. She switched from this idle tomboy education to the decorum of an English convent, without any difficulty. Her rebellion came with her marriage to a fairly decent country squire with none of her intellectual tastes or gifts, who had the habit—not greatly reprehended in that society—of going to bed with the housemaids. It is the situation of Maupassant's *Une Vie*, the experience common to innumerable gently brought-up girls of the nineteenth century: sexual shock on the marriage night, no subsequent pleasure in sexual life, the torment of discovering they were betrayed by their husbands, and by upbringing and nature too.

It was generally said that George Sand's subsequent preaching and practice of a severely absolute doctrine of free love sprang from a "gluttony of desire." But her notorious novel *Lélia*—which later she toned down, for the first edition of it gave her away—indicates, as M. Maurois says, something rather different. Jules Sandeau, her first lover who collaborated in her first two books, described her case perfectly in his novel *Marianna*:

> The silence of the countryside, a life spent in study, dreams, and reading, had developed in Marianna more of strength than tenderness, more of imagination than of heart, more of curiosity than of genuine sensibility. Till then, she had lived only in a world of fantasies. In her lonely walks beside the Creuse, on the hillsides, and by the leafy hedgerows, she had indulged in visions of an heroic future which was to be all compact of devotion, sublimity and sacrifice. She had fed her imagination in ardours and endurance, on ill-starred love and tormented ecstasies. Long before she had tasted any of these emotions in fact, she had, in fancy, sucked them dry.

Was it a romantic imagination, exhausting experience in advance, that deprived her of the capacity for love and physical pleasure? To have asserted the right to the freedom allowed to men, only to find one was denied the satisfaction a man received—that was a large part of the cause of her search for the absolute love preached by the Romantics. ("How shall I free myself from this marble envelope?") Many women have been able to accept this condition because they have not been tortured by physical energy or their imaginations. The positive effect of her dilemma was to make her an eloquent apologist of the emancipation of women and the reform of the marriage law—in her time there was no divorce and a woman could be imprisoned for adultery—the negative effect of it was to make her overpowering. Her lovers were appalled by a woman who wanted to be "mistress, housekeeper, sick nurse and mother" and the man of the family, and who, with the unfailing instinct of the domineering, picked on the weak, the ill and helpless. As M. Maurois says, she hated her lovers when she found she could not dominate them. Vigny and others said she was a Lesbian; but her masculinity seems to have been a *persona* assumed when she was a child at the death of her father. She took her father's place and aggressively defended her peasant mother against her father's grand relations. The masculine pose sprang originally from a child's passionate feeling for justice and liberty.

To the contemporary reader the great Romantics are splendid in their courage but intolerable in their verbosity. So often the sublime language contains an unconscious hypocrisy. We smile when we think of the painful parting with Musset and watch George Sand walk off her tragedy on a long country tramp and then sit down to write her daily 20 pages at once in the large, tranquil, never hesitant hand. We smile when Musset asks for his letters back because he wants to use them in his poetry. What have we been witnessing—the helpless tragedy of tortured souls or the professional fomenting of a personal literature? M. Maurois very tolerantly says that to writers nothing is real until it is written. He defends George Sand's famous piece of casuistry about fidelity on the very dubious ground that had it been written by a man no one would have objected. Her peculiar words are worth quoting:

> I have never suffered from remorse, because, whenever I have been untrue to faithfulness, it has always been because I seemed driven on by a sort of faith, an instinct for the ideal which has compelled me to leave the imperfect for what I thought was closer to the perfect.

Others were inclined to translate this into Liszt's words, that she caged her butterfly, fed it on nectar for a while, then stuck a pin through it and vivisected it for her next novel. What seemed so unfair was that she could write novels so easily. But though the sensitive might turn against their devourer, harder, more intelligent and sagacious men like Balzac, Sainte-Beuve and Flaubert did not. Balzac wrote a brilliant account of her in her early middle age to Madame Hanska:

> I fetched up at the Château of Nohant on the last Saturday in Lent, at about half-past seven

* *Lélia: The Life of George Sand.* By ANDRÉ MAUROIS. Translated by GERARD HOPKINS. *Cape.* 25s.

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FABER BOOKS

in the evening and found friend George in a dressing gown, smoking her after-dinner cigar by the fire in an enormous desolate room. She was wearing a handsome pair of fringed yellow slippers, coquettish stockings and red trousers. So much for the general setting, now for her appearance. She has developed a double chin, which gives her the look of a Church dignitary. There is not a single white hair to be seen in spite of all the appalling experiences she has been through. She is as swarthy as ever, and her fine eyes are brilliant. She has that way of assuming an almost stupid expression when plunged in thought, the reason being as I told her after prolonged consideration that it is her eyes only that are expressive . . . she is not the type that invites love and she will find it difficult to find anyone to give it to her. She is masculine, she is an artist, she is great-hearted, generous, devoted and temperamentally chaste. . . . she has the kind of mind which can see clearly enough when it is alone with itself, but is easily set on the wrong track when brought up against realities.

Balzac was wrong in thinking she would never be happy. Adaptable since childhood, she drifted on as if drawn by the flow of the pen across a page. She entered into the heritage which had meant most to her, the lost paradise of her childhood in Nohant. Lost to absolute love, she became the sunny, industrious matriarch swamping her son, putting her intolerable daughter in her place (calmly believing she had given the girl an enlightened upbringing, and quite unaware that her blatant love affairs had poisoned the girl's character and had turned her into a spiteful rival unredeemed by talent). She played with her grandchildren, managed the estate. No empty middle age such as often comes to women who have successfully lived for love; but fame, influence, friends. Aristocratic intelligence and peasant common sense had saved her. Nor had there been any real surrender. She was a firm democrat, she stuck to her evangelical Christianity and the belief in a direct access to God. Neither Balzac nor suffering could make her believe in original sin. She stuck to the natural goodness of man. In 1848 she acted with fervour, indeed, with a touch of that unscrupulousness which extremists rarely give up. When friends were imprisoned she did not run away but boldly stuck out for them. Her personal courage and humanity redeemed what folly there had been in her political rashness. What Balzac had said about her thinking clearly when she was alone was true. And when we consider all the events of her life, the creditable and discreditable, and the long success of Nohant where life was so rich, diverse and amusing, we remember that the pen of the old *vache à écrire* kept it all going. She sat up all night from ten till five in the morning. She was not a *femme incomprise*, she was not even *Lélia* the impotent, she was a writer. Why, said the best seller to her friend Flaubert, do you take so much trouble?

> Let the wind blow a little through your strings. I think you fret about it all much more than you should, and that you ought to let the other have his say more often. Everything would work out all right, and it would be a great deal less exhausting for you.

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JONATHAN CAPE

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The rust-red moon above the rose-red cloud,
Ethereal gifts of the absconding sun
That now is shining full on other lands
And soon will draw its track a hundred miles
Across the quiet breast of the hushed Atlantic.
This brooch, this cloak, hung in the darkening sky.
The smoke grows up, solid, an ashen tree
From the high Abbey chimney. A sycamore
Holds on its topmost tip a singing thrush,
Its breast turned towards the sign of the buried sun.
Chance only brings such rare felicities
Beyond contrivance of the adventuring mind,
Strange past all meaning, set in their place alone.
Now the moon rises clear and fever pale
Out from the cloud's dissolving drift of ashes,
While in my mind, in double absence, hangs
The rust-red moon above the rose-red cloud.

EDWIN MUIR

TORY FABIAN

My Political Life. Vol. 1: England before the Storm, 1896-1914. By L. S. AMERY. *Hutchinson.* 25*s.*

A photograph at the beginning of this book shows the young Amery of twenty-two. Apart from a few lines in the face, it could be the Mr. Amery at eighty who has written his autobiography. He has not changed either in appearance or in outlook. The controversies of the Boer War, of Tariff Reform, or of the Irish question are still contemporary to him. He often reproduces passages from books or even newspaper leaders, written fifty years ago, and remarks: "they still have a lesson for today." His taste is for quotations from Bunyan and Cromwell; but the best motto for the book could be found in the words spoken by Metternich to Guizot on the steps of the British Museum: "Error has never approached my spirit." Or, as he himself says: "My heroes remain heroes and my villains remain villains."

Mr. Amery is that unusual thing—a politician with a purely intellectual approach. Though he has always been a member of the Conservative, or, more accurately, of the Unionist party, he has never sympathised with the irrational loyalties and sentiments which make up Toryism. For him, politics are a matter of rational, though often violent, argument. His most decisive weapon has always been a letter to *The Times*; and he used his massive *History of the Boer War* to prove the case for Imperial unity and military reform. Things were to be achieved by a small group of men, meeting as a dining-club and working out a policy—exactly the tactics which the Webbs applied in a different sphere. The villains of whom he speaks are the soft-hearted politicians who ran away from his logic and tried to muddle into some compromise—Balfour or Asquith. His heroes reduce themselves to one: Joseph Chamberlain, his last words to Amery: "if I . . . were the . . . House of Lords . . . I would *fight*." Fighting is indeed the only thing if you want a clear-cut solution. So Mr. Amery wanted to fight the Boers in order to show the supremacy of Imperial power. So he wanted the Unionist party to commit itself to thorough-going Protection. So, in the Irish question, he wanted the Lords to die in the last ditch against the Parliament Bill, and Ulster to raise the standard of rebellion against Home Rule.

There is much to be said for this approach. Questions can only be really settled if they are fought through to the end. There would be no problem in South Africa now, if Imperial supremacy had been ruthlessly maintained. Resistance by the House of Lords would have brought either a reformed Second Chamber or, at the very least, a House much improved by the addition of some two hundred Liberal peers. Rebellion in Ulster might have led to a new start in Ireland on a more realistic basis. But all these things cut against the spirit of moderation and compromise which underlies British politics. We may feel impatient when Mr. Attlee declares that the Labour party will work African Federation once it is the law of the land. It would be more glorious to announce that the Labour party would seek to wreck it. But is it not a wiser and better course than Bonar Law praising civil war against Home Rule, which was equally the law of the land? Mr. Amery quotes with approval a letter from Leo Maxse: "I am sorry we have no Kruger in our party today." Extreme was to answer extreme, an English Kruger to outdo the Boer. If Mr. Amery were still capable of doubt, he might meditate the words which Chesterton addressed to Walter Long:

> Walter, be wise! avoid the wild and new!
> The Constitution is the game for you

In South Africa, at any rate, Mr. Amery got his conflict of extremes. Now he does not like the results; and he has to fall back on the old British remedy of pious wishes:

> One can only hope that what South Africa is undergoing is a belated backwash and echo of old controversies and that the normal course of a broader and more generous national life will presently reassert itself.

Though this is a pugnacious book, exciting and well-written, it lacks historical perspective. The reader is not taken back into a vanished era; he is invited to fight the old battles over again. The autobiography is overlaid with argument; and the characters in it never come alive except as the vehicle for ideas. Nowhere is there a real answer to the question: why did the men of the Edwardian epoch allow the wisdom and advantage of centuries to run away through their fingers? The problem cannot be determined by rational debate; and it is not surprising that Mr. Amery, the intellectual politician, has spent most of his life in baffled frustration. Now, in old age, he seeks once more to argue us into wisdom. Yet this wisdom of Imperial co-operation which he advocates itself rests on irrational sentiment. Though politics is the art of the possible, things do not become possible merely by proving that they are correct.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

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George Allen & Unwin Ltd.

THE YOUNG ARTIST MAN

Marshlands and Prometheus Misbound. By ANDRÉ GIDE. Translated by GEORGE D. PAINTER. *Secker & Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Near the beginning of his long career that eager yet patient truffle-hound of European literature, André Gide, passed rapidly through a part of the forest where he was later to make some of his most delectable finds, and uprooted on the way a foretaste, an *hors d'oeuvre*. Two results of this early expedition, *Paludes* (1895) and *Le Prométhée Mal Enchainé* (1899) have now been translated into English for the first time. *Paludes*, written after Gide's second North African journey, is the first expression of that combined feeling of rebirth, and consequent joy and sense of dedication on the one hand; and on the other of the frustration and controlled panic which Gide felt on returning from the liberation of Africa to the constraint of Europe. It was to find its full expression in *l'Immoraliste*, profound, violent, *éclatant*. Beside this, *Paludes* is an immature work, but it has not only a charm of its own, it has a peculiar strength. It employs a device that was to be a favourite, dealing with an author writing, and commenting upon, a book. This inner book concerns the Virgilian Tityrus, the one who is contented with his field of stones and bogs. With this book the author is struggling. Why? What is it about? If the author could explain this he would explain Gide, explain Art. *Paludes* is a game of catch-as-catch-can with the Incommunicable. It is funny at two levels; light as air, it is also monumental.

Mr. Painter, in an authoritative and delicate translation (although why turn *Paludes*, which is no more French than it is English, into *Marshlands?*) has caught perhaps everything that can be caught in English—the lightness and the play as well as the meaning. Is it possible to capture in English the classical quality which Gide's prose developed in this book—the Virgilian concision, the gravity, the monumental quality? Probably not; it is not consonant with the wordiness of English.

Bound in with *Marshlands*—although this is not stated on the dust-cover or jacket—is *Le Prométhée Mal Enchainé*. Here is displayed another aspect of French classicism, and personally I have always found this appearance of Zeus, Prometheus, Cocles, etc., in "the boulevard which leads from the Madeleine to the Opéra," rather forced and tedious. In a piece of domesticated-classical slapstick Gide plays with the idea of the *acte gratuit* which reaches its destination of dramatic meaning when, in *Les Caves du Vatican*, Lafcadio pushes Fleurissoire off the train. But in *Prometheus Misbound* it remains only an interesting idea. The book indeed abounds in ideas, but to me it seems the book in which Gide came nearest to being merely clever, to being "brilliant." But Gide is *always* worth reading, and Mr. Painter's translation is again admirable.

It would however be helpful, in a standard English edition, of which this volume forms a part, and in which books published at different times in the original are now brought together, if some bibliographical information were given, and particularly if it were stated from which edition the translation is made. My Gallimard edition of *Paludes*, for instance, has no subtitle; Mr. Painter's translation has. And where did the "Reflections" at the end originally appear? Again, they are not in my edition.

J. D. SCOTT

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EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

PELICAN ERA

The Pelican History of Art: Painting in Britain 1530-1790. By ELLIS K. WATERHOUSE. **The Art and Architecture of India.** By BENJAMIN ROWLAND. *Penguin Books.* 42*s. each.*

Unpacking these books and opening them for the first time, it is difficult not to feel nervous. It is as if the door-bell rang at last to herald an unknown arrival, destined to stay for good. Whatever the Pelican history is like, it will affect art studies and art publishing greatly. As it sweeps, in forty-eight volumes over twelve years, across the art of the world, everything else that appears will necessarily be judged in a new perspective. Of the general books that now appear we shall naturally ask, is this super-Pelican or sub-Pelican, original or popularising, or merely pre-Pelican, archaic? And of works of research, does this seriously touch the infra-Pelican level? (Some scholars at least will have to go deeper to reach it.) Whatever the standard is like, a standard will have been set, and in any event the possibility of another general synthesis, the eventual post-Pelican, is far off indeed. A bad book in this series will be a defeat for the whole study. For the foreseeable future, the Pelican History is here to stay.

Dr. Pevsner seems to have laid good foundations. The coverage announced is comprehensive—indeed in the early medieval volumes it will be difficult to avoid overlapping. On the other hand, Baroque and Rococo in the Netherlands, which need a full history so badly, are apparently to be treated in no more space than is given for the seventeenth century alone to the German lands (a term now understood less broadly than when Dr. Pevsner contributed to the *Handbuch der Kunstwissenschaft*). Some artist will be hardly dealt with if the books on painting exclude as much of the graphic arts as Professor Waterhouse's—where Alexander Cozens comes off particularly badly, in distinction (Professor Waterhouse has always a kindly eye for the capable professional) to Sandby who is surely the duller and, in all but bulk, the less important man.

Professor Waterhouse's book is none the less excellent: of the first two arrivals this at least is a complete success. What has been learned since Collins Baker produced the only other serious survey twenty years ago has been in great part due to his labours, and until now a distressingly large part of it has remained in his own notebooks. We cannot expect many books in the series to contain so much, and so much-needed, original work. Its effects will be felt at once; in a dozen directions it removes the excuse for the more random speculations and—Professor Waterhouse will feel the relief—the sillier questions. A great part of the story in the first half of the book remains, of course, questionable and speculative. The historian must write not of art, so much, as of the nature of information about it. But this, when it is done with Professor Waterhouse's systematic verve, makes the best kind of historical reading. The outcome is that we have now an idea of the language which the handful of devoted specialists in the English seventeenth century are talking, and, perhaps of more moment, the enjoyment, as a foretaste, of a number of quite unexpectedly good pictures. Professor Waterhouse's pages are as often like good talk as good writing. By turns volatile and judicious, polished (how good the epigram on Streeter) and hasty, striking as he passes an illuminating spark from many an unpromising picture, he contrives to leave behind him the outlines of artistic personalities where until the other day there were only shadows. It is a remarkable and delightful performance.

In the West the attempt to understand the art of India by way of its religion has been largely abandoned, no doubt rightly. It remains for history to provide the comprehensible connecting thread, but the opportunity requires historical and critical abilities of an outstanding kind. Mr. Rowland is good on Gandhara and the early classic periods, to the study of which he has contributed before, but he hardly makes the final, revealing observations for which we wait. Often, of course, there is too little reliable grist for the mill of historical logic—sometimes we can hardly know whether what we are comparing to the analogue of a Van Dyck is more in the nature of a Walker or an Etty—but the introductory jibe at Wölfflin here is not reassuring, and it is doubtful if a pen which can write of the subject of man's most profoundly sensual art as "the feminine anatomy" is really best exercised in this field. Within these limits the book is a good one, and by far the most useful of its kind. A larger preponderance of sculpture, particularly medieval, among the plates would have made it still better: much of the architecture would have been as well served by sectional drawings accompanying the ground plans (of which there are plenty, in accordance with Professor Pevsner's views) as in the dusty photographs which we are given. In the list of plates, however, Mr. Rowland scores by providing the essential measurements, where Professor Waterhouse surprisingly fails.

This is an auspicious beginning. Those who do not know where to begin reading art history have the answer before them, a twelve-year programme. And the others, more numerous perhaps, who have wondered why such reading has never appealed to them, can obtain a book-rest (often a complete solution), take one of these fifty-four-ounce volumes, and try again with a real chance of success.

LAWRENCE GOWING

THE POETRY OF FAILURE

Recollections of the Cambridge Union, 1815-1939. Edited by PERCY CRADOCK. *Bowes & Bowes.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

"I have concluded at this point," wrote the author of *Enemies of Promise*,

> for there was now nothing new which could happen to me. Although to the world I appeared a young man going up to Oxford 'with the ball at his feet,' I was in fact as promising as the Emperor Tiberius retiring to Capri. . . . I lived entirely in the past, exhausted by the emotions of adolescence. . . .

Eton has long been the fiercest of our island's catalysts. Though his intention was autobiographical, Mr. Cyril Connolly was only paying a brilliant and wry-faced tribute to the common enervation of the lilies. For life, as Mr. Anthony

Powell has said, and as we must all surely agree, *is* like a game of Russian billiards when, at the end of a given passage of time, " the hidden gate goes down . . . the coloured balls return no longer to the slot to be replayed ; and all scoring is doubled." It is only that for certain Englishmen the hidden gate goes down as early as when they are first elected to Pop.

In his moving introduction to these *Recollections of the Cambridge Union*, Mr. Percy Cradock has spotlighted yet another great English forcing-house, no less insidious for being apparently more bracing. Mr. Connolly examined his conservatory with the love-hate of the artist : Mr. Cradock regards his with the sentiment of the committed historian.

> A study of this sort [he writes], has special limitations and advantages. It deals, not with adult life, but with the world which precedes and often overshadows it, the earlier and intenser existence of school and university, with its own struggles and satisfactions, which are often such that men emerge from them curiously fatigued, and afflicted with a permanent nostalgia for triumphs of a kind they will never know again. . . . And it is with these, who are the true heroes, the atmosphere in which they moved, their idealism and brilliance, the nature of their failures and their charm, that I have been particularly concerned. . . . They are seen at the most favourable period of their lives, when nothing has been done and all remains possible. In the light of this rare moment, Cambridge, or the Union, sets and considers them. They make their speeches, they shiver on the brink, they are gone.

The real heroes of this book, are, as Mr. Cradock says, not the Macaulays, Norman Birketts and R. A. Butlers but the Praeds and Arthur Hallams and J. K. Stephenses. Such was Thomas Sunderland, the Lancashire rector's son, whose " natural aloofness, complete intellectual domination and . . . amazing powers of speech " made him the outstanding undergraduate of his day. (Satirised by Tennyson in his poem *A Character* the great man was unmoved. " Which of the Tennysons did you say wrote it ? The slovenly one ? ") Sunderland vanished on leaving the university and while abroad his mind gave way.

> A new and tragic Scholar Gipsy, he wandered from place to place, still pursuing the old studies, still talking as at Cambridge, astonishing those who encountered him in the inns where for a while he would lodge with the strange power of his conversation.

There was George Smythe, Monckton Milnes's inveterate enemy and the hero of *Coningsby*, whose life was a " profusion of gifts, a succession of moods, a series of gestures, of enterprises wonderfully begun and then abandoned " and who admitted that " I have only one regret, that I did not die younger. I shall never know half so much, feel half so well, be capable of such great actions, as I was at twenty." Each in turn was the shining arbiter, the *lalein aristos* of his generation. Each in turn went out maimed into the world.

This is only one aspect of the Union. There is far more to Mr. Cradock's study than that. He tells his story with zest, breaking off to describe the Apostles and the birth of Young England—" If we strip off the hide of Newman we shall find Filmer underneath," remarked a Trinity don of Lord John Manners and his friends—and Thackeray's single and unlucky intervention in a debate on the character of Napoleon. Oscar Browning, Austen Chamberlain, G. M. Trevelyan, finally Lord Kitchener, make their bow to the President. And all the time there is the strophe and antistrophe of success, the twin *motifs* of doomed youth and up-and-coming young men.

> Above the speakers' heads there seemed in their more hopeful moments to rise not the sober Gothic timbering of the Union roof, but some vast Baroque splendour, where the dazzled eye was drawn up through scenes drawn from the mythology of success, and tableaux depicting the exploits of legendary barrister-politicians, until it rested at length on the central glory, the final object of endeavour, " the glittering prizes," the heaven of F. E. Smith.

The second and reminiscential half of this book—which includes essays by Mr. Wilson Harris, Sir Norman Birkett, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. Frank Singleton—is for the initiate only. Mr. Cradock's half should be read by all who are interested in the poetry of failure and the changing patterns of English life. He has written a cameo of social history.

JOHN RAYMOND

NEW NOVELS

The Lady for Ransom. By ALFRED DUGGAN. *Faber.* 15*s.*

In the Wet. By NEVIL SHUTE. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Escapade. By REX WARNER. *Bodley Head.* 10*s.*

Mr. Alfred Duggan has written a book which is both enjoyable and informative. His hero is a Frankish mercenary, fighting against the barbarians in Asia Minor in the hope of securing the lands and titles denied him in his native country. He is accompanied by his wife, a grotesque lady but one of great courage and vitality who assumes command whenever his spirits fail, and by his children. The Christian collapse is already drawing near, however: he himself meets with a disastrous defeat at Turkish hands and thereafter falls into disgrace with his paymasters: his ambitions are unfulfilled and his elder son despises him.

It is the story of an honest Norman lout, bewildered both by the tortuous workings of the Greek mind and by the political events of the time: his remedy for most things is a charge of Frankish knights in suits of mail: his creed, that one must own land or cease to call oneself a gentleman.

More interesting is Mr. Duggan's picture of the civilisation which hired such men to preserve it. A great deal of knowledge has gone, unobtrusively, into this study of decaying splendour and resurgent barbarity. Now and again there is a whiff of the classroom, as with so many good historical novels. It is a most difficult branch of fiction: successes are rare and failures are spectacular: the story is seldom good enough to please the common reader and the historically minded usually prefer their history straight. Nevertheless, Mr. Duggan's tact is such as to enable him to clear most of the hurdles. He has a subdued, caustic sense of humour that is very agreeable: he gives his characters full consideration as human beings: and he writes an excellent, sober English.

He plunges boldly into the past: Mr. Shute with a greater, and indeed a singular boldness, takes a header into the future. Mr. Shute, it appears, is desperately worried about the Queen's position some thirty years from now. There is to be a mean little politician called Lord Coles who will delight in finding ways by which he can inconvenience and humiliate her. But the Commonwealth is going to be staunch. The loyal Australians will give Her Majesty an aeroplane of her own, for instance, to be piloted by a sound chap called Nigger: since Lord Coles is going to take the view that she ought to book a seat on the ordinary lines like anyone else. He and his friends will stop at nothing, not even sabotage, to gain their ends. Nigger is not going to like this a bit. In fact, the blood of us all may well be boiling by now unless we take hold of ourselves and reflect that so far Lord Coles has happily not emerged. The ingredients of the book have been chosen with a practised confectioner's skill, and the concoction itself may give pleasure to some. It strikes me simply as an attempt to cash in on the event of this happy year: an attempt so unblushing as to remove all feeling about it save amusement.

Mr. Warner's aim is neither to instruct nor to dismay but to entertain: and in this, in spite of unpromising material, he largely succeeds. The English village he describes is from stock and so are the characters. There is the genial Squire, his dear vague wife and his callow son with the Marxist leanings. There is the kind old Canon, with his uncompromising attitude to, and lively interest in, the question of who wrote Shakespeare, and an impetuous maiden lady of more patriotism than sense: a comic gardener who despoils his employer's garden and forgets to sow his seeds: a comic policeman who believes rather more of what he is told than is usual, even in the country: and a Colonel and his Negro servant, a kind of coloured Jeeves. Into this familiar milieu rides Mrs. Helpless on a large, stolen horse, announcing her arrival by a couple of shots. She is a drunk and a kleptomaniac and, one would have thought obviously, a lunatic; but she imposes herself, to the extent of causing the maiden lady fervently to believe that both Hitler and Stalin are alive and residing *incogniti* in the village, and in no time she has the place in an uproar.

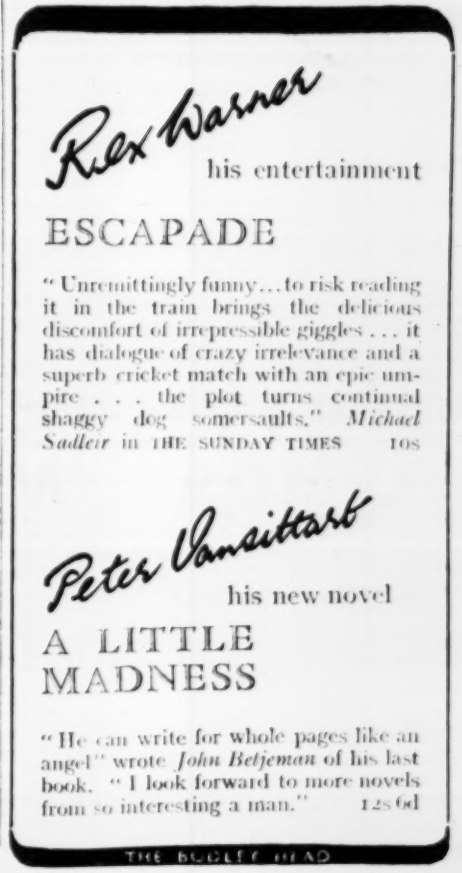
The tale unfolds itself placidly and good-humouredly, with a happy end in the shape of a marriage and the triumph of the local cricket eleven. Sadder things are hurriedly passed over: we are not told, for example, what were the consequences to the maiden lady of her gallant but ill-judged raid on the police station. There is an elusive dotty charm in Mr. Warner's handling of this preposterous theme, an attractive inconsequence in his dialogue, which win us over in spite of ourselves. It will hardly rank as one of his major works: but it will please by its gaiety and good temper and its occasional little touches of the unexpected.

HONOR TRACY

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Story of Everest: 1921-1952. By W. H. MURRAY. *Dent.* 15*s.*

By the time this notice appears British climbers are, in all probability, somewhere on the upper slopes of Everest: and the public, fed by journalists assembled at Katmandu to catch every rumour blown down from the Khumbu Glacier, wonders and admires. But admiration is all the better, and all the more easily sustained, if it rests on a solid basis of knowledge. This Mr. Murray excellently supplies, and his history of the mountain will make


Rex Warner
his entertainment
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" He can write for whole pages like an angel" wrote *John Betjeman* of his last book. " I look forward to more novels from so interesting a man." 12S 6d
THE BODLEY HEAD

the reader able to fit each fresh bit of news into the whole pattern: able, too, to discount the false heroics and the sensationalism which tend to encrust the enterprise, and to distinguish where real heroism and achievement lie.

Mr. Murray sees the nine Everest expeditions as successive phases of a continuous effort. The graph of achievement goes steadily up to the third expedition in 1924, which got to within 1,000 feet of the top; flattens out to 1933, when they got no higher; and dips steeply in 1936 and 1938 when bad weather stopped the climbers from reaching the upper slopes at all. That, we now see, was Part I of the story, which ended abruptly after the war with the closing of Tibet, through which lay the route of these earlier ventures. Then suddenly Part II opened, with the discovery by Shipton's party in 1951 of the possible route through Nepal up the south side of the mountain, by which the Swiss, last year, got slightly nearer to the top than anyone before. Mr. Murray, a member of the 1951 expedition, can well appreciate their achievement, and assess this year's chances: for all the help that good equipment can give, he insists that success still depends on three major strokes of luck which must all concur: freedom from high wind near the top; no deep snow on the upper slopes; the right men high at the right time. Throughout this absorbing narrative we are left in no doubt that the exploration of Everest has also been an exploration of man's potentialities. This two-legged creature which, so said the physiologists of thirty years ago, could not breathe above 25,000 feet—and if it could breathe certainly could not eat—has moved, slept, carried loads, and pitched camp two thousand feet above that limit, and even craved for sausages and eggs.

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Edward Gibbon. By MICHAEL JOYCE. *Longmans.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

It is probable that at least nine-tenths of the readers of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* fall into two categories—those who, like Sir Winston Churchill, "rode triumphantly through it from end to end" in their youth and for whom passing years have somewhat dimmed its splendours, and those who having reached the years of relaxation peruse its pages for the first time. To those of the first class this book will be a happy reminder of past delights and to the second a delightful introduction to future enjoyment. In some hundred and seventy pages it presents a pleasing picture of the quaint little man, whose great head surmounting a Falstaffian body balanced upon spindly legs won him, among his neighbours at Lausanne, the apt nickname of "the Potato."

Mr. Joyce gives a succinct account of Gibbon's writings, and examines his *magnum opus* both as history and literature. Seeing the storm that once raged over Gibbon's attitude towards Christianity, not only in the notorious fifteenth and sixteenth chapters but throughout the work, it is natural that he should devote considerable space to this vexed question. Was Gibbon honestly, if rather brutally, endeavouring to transfer the Church in her human aspect from the realm of legend into that of history, or was he, as Byron said, cynically "sapping a solemn creed with a solemn sneer"? It is unlikely that the question will ever be satisfactorily answered, but the admirably concise *résumé* of the dispute and the points on which it hinges given by the author will enable every reader to arrive at his own decision.

Rehearsals of Discomposure. By NATHAN A. SCOTT. *Lehmann.* 18*s.*

Professor's Scott's subjects in this "study in the fundamental themes of modern literature" are Kafka, Silone, Lawrence and Eliot, writers, on the face of it, on whom little more remains to be said. In fact, he manages to say a great deal, and much that is new; for his approach is that of the theologian rather than of the literary critic proper. He is concerned with investigating his writers' responses to experience, responses characterised by a sense of isolation, of separateness from the whole, of varying degree and varying kind. He writes with too great caution, and scarcely dares to make an assertion, however simple, without buttressing it up with quotations from other philosophers and critics; and he appears to have read them all. His study of Lawrence is especially interesting: by taking as his starting point de Rougemont's *Passion and Society*, he exhibits Lawrence as the latest example of a heresy that, though never Christian, has contributed to the European tradition for more than a thousand years. His analysis of Kafka is excellent: it may well be the last word on that subject. Of the writers he deals with he finds Silone and Eliot the most satisfying since it is they who have succeeded in resolving the problem of man's isolation and separateness through Christian faith and dogma. If, as one hopes, Professor Scott continues his researches, one trusts he will turn his attention next to Malraux, on whom he says much that is stimulating in passing.

Social Behaviour in Animals. By N. TINBERGEN. *Methuen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This is not just another book on the well-known and complexly organised societies of the ants, bees, wasps, and termites. They are in fact hardly more than mentioned, and Mr. Tinbergen interprets the term "social behaviour" in a wider sense than the average reader would expect. For him the courtship of a pair of snails, or a gull brooding over a couple of eggs, is a valid example of social behaviour, and it is with animal "societies" at this ambiguously elementary level that he is chiefly concerned. Indeed he goes even further and has some most interesting and provocative pages on the relationship between insects and plants.

Mr. Tinbergen is to some extent a disciple of the Austrian naturalist K. Lorenz; but he speculates more freely and dogmatises more firmly than that remarkable man, and he has less charm and humour in his approach. In a final analysis he traces back all societies—the City of London no less than a shoal of herrings—to "accidental by-products, outlets of nervous excitation either in the form of intention movements or of displacement activities." It may be so, but it seems unlikely. On the other hand, many of his actual observations of animal behaviour are entirely fascinating. The book is exceptionally well illustrated with line drawings and photographs.

Soil Restoration. By EDWARD FAULKNER. *Michael Joseph.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

In an earlier book, *Ploughman's Folly*, the author described how he discovered that the mouldboard plough, which is such a wonderful cultivating implement in the humid climate of Western Europe because it kills weeds by burying them, might be dangerous in parts of America where dead weeds should be left on the surface to enrich the topsoil with humus and protect it from erosion. On his smallholding he successfully developed an alternative practice using the minimum of shallow cultivation. The idea was not new, but the book made a great impression and had an enormous sale. In *Soil Restoration* Mr. Faulkner propounds, largely through an interlocutor who always asks the right questions and makes the right comments on the author's answers, the philosophy he has evolved while watching his land respond to his gentle treatment. It is the simple philosophy of a successful farmer who is convinced by his success that he alone has discovered Truth. He tends to be intolerant of those who have not seen the light. He is particularly hard on "the scientists" whose experience of the workings of nature has not always been the same as his. The book would have been better with more facts and less dogma, but dogma is easier to grasp and it is expounded here in a very readable style.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,213

Set by R. K. Buchanan

Readers are invited to contribute their Thoughts after the Chelsea Flower Show in the manner of one of the following: Mrs. Miniver, Sir Thomas Browne, T. E. ("God wot") Brown, Marvell, Milton, V. Sackville-West (verse or prose), Beverley Nichols. Limit, 150 words of prose or 16 lines of verse. Entries by June 3.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,210

Set by John Galloway

Contemporary poets, let it be imagined, were invited to submit Prize Poems celebrating the Opening of this year's Royal Academy. The usual prizes are offered for not more than sixteen lines from the prize-winning Poem. (Authorship to be duly attributed.)

Report by John Galloway

Are poets less prize-minded than sculptors? Or is the R.A. calculated to stifle the hardiest Muse? In this numerically modest entry there were many absentees: no Graves, no Cornford; silence even on the Sitwell front. But, though the ranks were a trifle thin, the quality of the "ghosting" was extremely high. John Betjeman (D. N. Dalglish and H. A. C. Evans) only just failed to extract pungency from the pictures; and the Rev. J. P. Stevenson and Trog had very near misses with Eliot and Auden. Even-handed justice, I hope, is served by the award of twenty-five shillings each for the poems printed below.

EZRA POUND

The earnest young man
Whose problem picture is considered very daring
And for whom the popular press predicts a brilliant future
Is evidently overcome by the amiable generalities
Bestowed on him by a distinguished painter of entirely undistinguished portraits,
And does not quite know what to do with his sherry.

And we?
We shall concern ourselves with matters of importance,
And leave such frivolities to those who take pleasure in them.

WILLIAM AULD

WALTER DE LA MARE

Bright, enamelled ladies glide
Among the statuettes;
Groups forgather, drift, divide:
Bejewelled creatures pose beside
The season's pets:
Flows on the tide
Of painted marionettes.

But lo! A witch upon the stair,
Enwrapt in quaint surmise,
Nerissa stands, with dusky hair
Drawn back from features rare—
And a child's eyes ...

Ah, Critic, where
Was ever child so wise?

FRANK DUNNILL

OGDEN NASH

One reason I'm glad to be invited to write on the opening of this year's Royal Academy
Is that it's the only thing the Academy is ever likely to have had o' me
They don't care if I'm secretly tortured by a figment
That I'm a connoisseur of canvas and a pundit on pigment
I guess they think I don't know a gouache from a photograph
That's why Sir A. Munnings every time I'm mentioned nudges his stable mates and gives with the horse laugh
They think I can't tell a Munnings from a Uccello
Or a Laszlo from a Pisanello
That's why they've picked on me—they just want some advertising copy
Well I shall forbear and restrain myself from telling them I think their old Academy's soppy
I'm going to be generous and big-hearted
And this is twelve lines already so I'd better get started
I wasn't invited but I heard that the opening was something of a well-bred frightfully English rout
And that's something to write a Prize Poem about
There's one thing about the Academy—it's Royal
And I shouldn't think there's any other Soyal it could take roots in like it takes roots in English Soyal.

PAT BULLEN

T. S. ELIOT

I shall buy a catalogue and go the round,
Confident that I am on familiar ground.
I shall wander through the galleries and make sure
That I admire the painters I admired before:
Those that I do not recognize I shall ignore.
Those that I remember I shall see with new eyes,
Viewing with pleased surprise
The well-known stream, the horse, the usual features.
Novelty is always an enormous bore,
But the Academy reveals the Eternal Creatures.
And, as you might expect, when the round is complete
I shall find myself back where I began,
Except that, having been so long on my feet,
And being an elderly man,
I shall be rather anxious to find a seat.

A. M. SAYERS

DYLAN THOMAS

I

Now as I was towed toward the norms of Art
And the glee'd squares bursting from varnish
I well between a time
Would plunge in the long aisled pleasure trove
My young dog to immerse
These minutes
In the new thronged paint and descry.

IX

O errant I was and low leant
And drawing along wear-picture walls
The dwelling or sped eye
Till old outstaring hours slid their visions away.
O may Sir Joshua's brood
Intend
Such rainbow trade in a year's turning.

L. A. REDFORD

Company Meetings

DURBAN ROODEPOORT DEEP, LIMITED

At the fifty-sixth Annual General Meeting of shareholders, held in Johannesburg on the 12th May, Mr. W. M. Frames, the Chairman, in the course of his remarks said:

Despite the fact that operations were hampered by shortages of power and labour, there was a small increase of 18,000 in the tonnage milled. The average yield per ton milled was slightly lower than in the previous year, but as a consequence of the higher tonnage milled gold recovery improved by 2,315 ounces. Due to a sharp fall of £111,316 in the additional revenue from the sale of gold at enhanced prices working revenue decreased by £71,238. Mainly as a result of higher prices for stores and materials and increases in cost of living allowances, working costs advanced by £227,345 on the figure for 1951. In consequence, the working profit at £1,130,101 was £298,583 less than in the previous year.

Approximating closely to the figure of £365,000 forecast in my address last year, capital expenditure during 1952 amounted to £364,406 and was incurred mainly on European housing, the sinking and equipping of No. 6A Sub-vertical Shaft, portion of the cost of the electric hoist for No. 6 Shaft, extensions to the Roodepoort United section of the reduction plant and capital equipment comprised in stores and materials.

Development operations again exposed very little payable Main Reef Leader ore and opened up only a small tonnage of payable ore on South Reef. The greater proportion of reef development was on Main Reef in the lower levels where values were satisfactory and the percentage of payability was higher. Good progress was made with the opening up of the Kimberley Reef, development on which was confined mainly to the area between Nos. 5 and 6 Shafts. A certain amount of development was also carried out westwards from No. 9 west winze just south of No. 6 Shaft, where the payability disclosed to date has been most encouraging. Sinking of the No. 26 west winze, 2,250 feet west of No. 9 winze, was continued and satisfactory values were disclosed in the limited amount of reef development accomplished.

The Report and Accounts were adopted.

UNITED MOLASSES COMPANY

The twenty-seventh annual general meeting of The United Molasses Company Limited will be held on June 9 in London.

The following is an extract from the circulated statement by the chairman, Sir F. Michael K. Kielberg, K.B.E., for the year 1952:—

The Combined Gross Profits of the Company and its proportion of Subsidiary Companies' Profits amounted to £7,226,449 compared with £8,007,055 for the previous year. This bears out my forecast of twelve months ago to the effect that while profits for 1952 were unlikely to reach the high peak of 1951, indications were that, barring some catastrophic happenings in the months ahead, profits would prove entirely satisfactory if compared with those of any year prior to 1951. Taxation again absorbs by far the greater part of the year's earnings

Trading conditions in 1952 were at most times difficult and became as the year progressed increasing competitive. It is pleasant to be able to report an almost complete reversal in the position of the world's Molasses markets and the return to more normal and much healthier conditions. Consumption is again expanding and our own stocks had by the end of the year been reduced to the absolute minimum required for economic handling of our world-wide operations.

As far as prospects for the current year are concerned, present indications are that earnings will show a substantial decline compared with last year's profits, but they should compare favourably with the profits earned in any year prior to 1951 and comfortably cover dividend requirements.

100 to 1...

Cuticura Shaving Stick is used by that smart, well-groomed neighbour of yours. He knows from experience that the rich, penetrating oils of this superfatted, mildly medicated, Chlorophyll green Shaving Stick not only give a clean and rapid shave, but leave the most sensitive skin soothed and refreshed. For healthy, attractive skin Cuticura Shaving Stick is unbeatable. Try it tomorrow—we know you will like it!

ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY

SIR WILLIAM FRASER ON IRANIAN DISPUTE

The 44th annual general meeting of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, Ltd., will be held on June 11 in London.

The following is an extract from the statement to stockholders by the Chairman, Sir William Fraser, C.B.E., LL.D., circulated with the report and accounts:

The consolidated trading profit for 1952 was £45,354,732, after provision of £14,198,946 for depreciation. The gross trading profit thus totalled £59,553,678, comparing with £71,377,882 for 1951, from which depreciation totalling £23,682,949 was provided. 1952 was the first full year during which we had no oil production from Iran and the effect of this deprivation on our business, despite the greatly increased supplies which we obtained from other sources, is reflected in the reduction in our trading profits.

After providing £22,666,344 for taxation your Directors have allocated £1,000,000 to Preference stock reserve, bringing the total to £10,000,000, and have placed £16,000,000 to general reserve, which now stands at £97,000,000. They have recommended a final dividend on the Ordinary stock of 25 per cent, and in addition a cash bonus per £1 stock of 1s, both less income tax.

The Company's issue of £20,000,000 5 per cent Debenture Stock in January last was largely oversubscribed. The purpose of this issue was to supplement the Company's existing resources in financing the current programme of capital expenditure.

Although profit margins are currently smaller than in 1952, this has so far been compensated for by an encouraging expansion in the volume of our trade.

Events regarding the Company's interests in Iran since my last statement have been extensively reported in the Press. There have now been no less than five separate major attempts to settle the dispute. All proposals were rejected by the Iranian Government.

The Company is at present dispossessed of its property, rights and interests in Iran, thereby suffering grievous losses. The Iranian Government has neither paid compensation nor agreed a satisfactory basis and procedure for the future assessment and payment of compensation, and the practical effect of the Iranian Nationalisation Laws of 1951 has thus amounted to confiscation.

The Company, therefore, continues to claim the title to all oil derived from the area of its operations in Iran, and has accordingly published announcements in many countries stating that it will take all such action as may be necessary to protect its rights.

Crude oil production in Kuwait, Iraq and Qatar was largely increased during 1952, when our offtake from those sources of supply totalled some 25,600,000 tons, compared with 16,600,000 in 1951. During 1953 we expect to have available some 35,000,000 tons from Kuwait, Iraq and Qatar.

The Company's post-war programme for increasing its refinery capacity in the United Kingdom is being brought to fruition. The result will be to have expanded this capacity over ten-fold, from under 1,000,000 tons per annum pre-war to 10,500,000 tons per annum by the end of this year.

The difficulties which we have been facing due to the denial to us of supplies from Iran were accentuated in the earlier part of the year by a world scarcity of tanker tonnage available for prompt chartering. Nevertheless, the A.I.O.C. group's sales of crude oil and refined products in 1952 totalling just over 32 million tons showed a decrease of only 3 million tons, or 8.6 per cent, compared with 1951. Our sales of refined products in the markets supplied through our subsidiary and associated marketing companies were above those for 1951, though only by some 2½ per cent.

The commissioning of our Kent refinery early in 1953 has effected an important increase in our availability of products of our own manufacture. But the problems of supplying economically our market outlets east of Suez will remain considerable until we can bring into operation the refineries now being constructed at Aden and Kwinana in Western Australia.

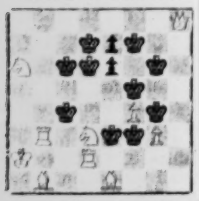
We cannot expect these new plants to be on stream before the end of 1954. When they are completed, we shall, in conjunction with the expansion of our other refineries, have a total refining capacity of some 30,000,000 tons per annum. Not only will this allow for an appreciable extension of our Group's sales of products, which in 1952 amounted to just under 23,000,000 tons, but also we shall have a chain of refineries well placed to supply our markets throughout the eastern hemisphere.

CHESS : Royal Flush

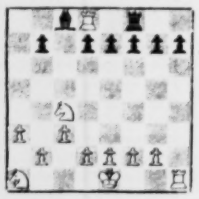
No. 190

The very words are awe-inspiring in the gentle game of poker; in Chess, of course, the mere idea of multiple Kings is so ludicrous that their appearance in this column can only be justified by the need to provide an uncommonly easy four-pointer for a holiday number. What then is the truly smashing move by dint of which White can topple all ten kings at one mighty blow? After such an agglomeration of kingly abundance competitors may be shocked to see no Black King at all in **B**. They are requested to place the missing monarch wherever he can be legally mated in one move. This is indeed a legal rather than a chess problem. Every chess-player will see at a glance that there are two quite obvious mating positions; but what matters is to expound why exactly one of them must be ruled out according to the laws of Chess: and all of that for the relatively measly refresher of five ladder-points on account of the grand total of forty to be garnered this week-end. Since so many readers expressed their delight about the sui-mate in the Easter-number, here is another one. In **C** Black (who is to move) commits suicide by forcing White to administer a mate in 4. This is easy and should be amply rated with 6 points. But I do not feel particularly generous in offering 7 points for **D**. This certainly seems a queer position, and to addicts of "randomised Chess" it may be remindful of that amusing new craze. In fact, it is a sui-stalemate, which means that White should force Black to stalemate him. In the author's solution the operation takes 29 moves, but I will not quibble about ways and means, and full marks will be awarded for any method achieving the desired end.

A : G. Reichhelm



B : Dr. K. Fabel 1953

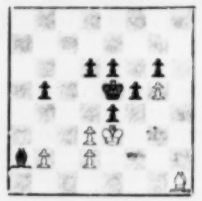


C : Arpad Bauer 1916

After so much frivolity the more seriously minded competitors have fully deserved the right to grapple with a couple of honest endgame studies. Both **E**—White to draw—and **F**—White to win—are quite tricky and none too easy; but we have had harder nuts to crack, and if I rate these two at 9 ladder-points each it can only be justified by the traditional inflationary tendency of holiday rating.

D : d'Orville

E : Tronova



F : A. O. Herbstmann 1931

Usual prizes. Entries by June 1.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set May 2

A: (1) Q-K4, Q x Kt(h5), (2) Q x RP ch, Q x Q. (3) Kt-B7 mate

B: (1) Q-R7, Q-Kt2, (2) Q-Q3, Q x P, (3) Q-R7, Q-Kt2, (4) Q-Kt1, Q-Q3Kt7, (5) Q x B mate.

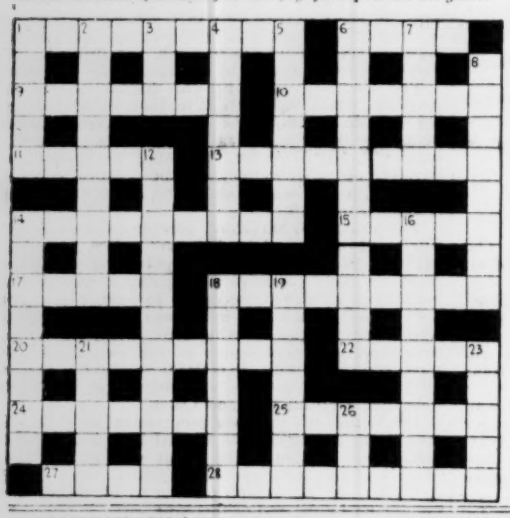
C: (1) P-QKt7 ch, K-QKt1, (2) Kt-Q4, B x Kt, (3) B-KB2, B-K4 ch, (4) K-KB5, B x Kt, (5) B x Kt, R-K4 ch, (6) K-KB6, R-K5 ch, (7) K-KB5, R-KR5, (8) K-KKt5, etc.

Many competitors stumped by **C**. Prizes shared by E. Allan, M. Kaye, J. Mitchell, A. J. Roycroft. Perfectly correct solutions also from J. C. Cock, D. E. Cohen, C. Sandberg, A. Schneider. *Londoners' 6th majority move P-QKt4. Non-Londoners' 7th due by 27 May.*

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 49

Prizes: Three book tokens of 10s. 6d. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 49, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on 1st June.



ACROSS

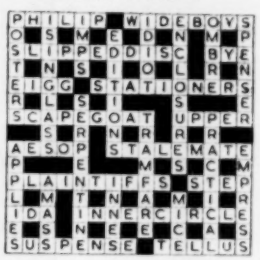
1. Herb may be brave with the riff-raff (9).
6. Those who can back out of this place of confinement (4).
9. Rations are not for the upper set (7).
10. Town bird era (7).
11. Joins the course (5).
13. Forty per cent economy plan (5, 4).
14. Capture and quarter troops in a West country town (9).
15. Put me in humble dwelling or luxury aircraft (5).
17. She is among the finest actresses (5).
18. Assailed, so the release is put back and a dreary retreat interrupts it (9).
20. They provide a memory of deity in words (9).
22. Treasure island of antiquity (5).
24. Unpunctual, yet inside there is preparation for baby (7).
25. Small and dark (7).
27. Snakes as an afterthought (4).
28. Man caters for religious performance (9).

DOWN

1. Enter up an account in a book of words (5).
2. Animals are the main turns (9).
3. A turn in the past (3).
4. Waste place (7).
5. Enterprise of Church or bomber (7).
6. For a schoolboy weapon it sounds as if the material is prohibited (7, 4).
7. A cheer for the villain (5).
8. Wander among the celebrated and hunted (8).
12. Camp waifs found in caves (11).
14. Imaginary adversary which never closed (8).
16. I'm a needle woman (9).
18. Reliable financiers (7).
19. Where a matter of order is concerned put mother and child in charge (7).
21. It sounds like a row for a literary man (5).
23. Refuse to consider the servant (5).
26. Pass before a town (3).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 47



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S R N R R R
AESOP STALEMATE
P E M S C M
PLAINTIFFS STEP
L M T N A M I R
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E S N E E C A S
SUSPENSE TELLUS

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 47

C. Allen (Southsea), Geo. Buchanan (Glasgow), J. A. Ewart (London, W.8).

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. 3 minutes from Earls Court Stn. H. & c., gas fires all rms. 15s. 6d. bed. & bkfast. Under pers. supervsn.

A BRIGHT hotel (close Marble Arch), White Park, 9, Lancaster Gate, W.2 (Pad. 8406); c.h.w., 'phones, restaurant, porters, from 17s. 6d. daily, and breakfast.

LONDON, York House, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. Bed & breakfast, 15s. daily.

A HOME at Heritage, 47 Leinster Gdns., Hyde Park, W.2. Perfect divan sitting-rms. Quiet, spotless comfort. Good bkfst. Sgls. 3-4gns. Dbls. 5-7gns. Vacs. PAD. 0368.

SERVICE rms. Chelsea. Fully furn., cen. htg., C.h.w., full bkfst. & dinner inc. fr. 5½gns. p.w., or bed/bkfst. 4gns. FLA. 7755.

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 4886. Charming, comfortable service rms., with board, reasonable.

SINGLE & double bed-sits., clean, comfortable, 25 mins. West End. 12s. 6d. each, bed breakfast. Short-term bookings accepted. 59 Oxgate Gardens, N.W.2. GLA. 4722.

WEST Kensington. Several small furnished flats to let. From 4½ to 6½gns. per week. Box 9335.

WESTMINSTER. Single bed-sitting rooms newly dec., use kitchen. SLO. 8819.

BED-sit., ckg. fac. W. Dulwich. 30s. p.w. Use bath, kit., tel. GIP. 4276.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

FURN. room to let. Use of kitchen & bath. Permanent preferred. Write to Mrs. Borchard, 59 Carlton Hill, N.W.8.

15 BELSIZE Park, elegant large 2-divan room, all conveniences, PRI. 4339.

DELIGHTFUL double furn. accom. Marble Arch. Ckg. facils., service, etc. £2 7s. 6d. per person. Box 9390.

ACCOM. for sgle. pers. Kingsbury (Bakerloo Line). Bed & bkfst., supper if needed, quiet locality. Advertiser teacher. Box 9388.

FURN. flat, 4 rooms, select part Sutton. 4½gns. Sep. rooms avail. Vegetarians pref. Coronation visitors taken. VIG. 0061.

CARAVAN available June-Sept. inclusive. 4-berth. Private site Anglesey farm. 20 mins. good beach. Write for details Box 9315.

ST. Ives, Cornwall. Furn. house, sleeps 7 & baby. 50 yds. sea and town centre. From 5gns. weekly. Box 9211.

FURN. holiday flat Dorset town nr. sea. £2 10s. p.w. June 13-27. Box 9296.

SELF-contd. furn. flats to let on large yacht moored in Pembrokeshire river. One suitable family—2 single, 1 double cabins, large saloon, good kitchen, elec. light, flush lav. Other ideal for couple. All conveniences. Handy shopping, etc. Box 8966.

WEST Sussex. Family holidays. Large country house, lovely bedroom views, private sitting/dining room, use spacious kitchen, car space. Sea 12 miles. Children welcome. 2½gns. person. Box 9337.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

CORNWALL. Pretty furn. cottage, sleep 5, all mod. cons. 5 mins. creek. Betw. Truro/Falmouth. Early June/July. Box 9361.

BOOKING taken in comfortable s/c. flat, June, July, August, Sept. Cornish coast. Le Saux, Long Rock Garage, Penzance.

ACCOM. 1/2 offered Coronation Week v. attractive London Suburb in exch. same in pleasant spot home/abroad. Box 9356.

YNG. Civ. Engineer 4 quiet M/Cycle req. perm. accom. No restricts. Box 9358.

UNFURN. room/rooms required, business woman. Cent. or S.E. district. Box 9163.

SOCIAL Worker (refugee) desperate for own home after 17 years in digs, needs small unfurnished flat Twickenham area. Can anybody help? Box 9084.

AUTHOR seeks very quiet, furnished accom. for writing. Light service, green outlook. In/near London. Details, Box 9148.

UNFURN. house, or wd. consider grnd. floor flat, in or within easy reach of London, reqd. to rent. Box No. 257, c/o A/J Advtg. Ltd., 44 Old Bond St., London, W.1.

PARTLY disabled man, 29, able to look entirely after himself, sks. lge. furn. rm., grnd. flr./lift. Brkfst. Max £3. Box 9402.

STUDENT with piano requires large ground floor room with kitchen, Hampstead Heath or Regent's Park. Box 9270.

PROF. man reqs. furn. bed-sit. room with breakfast, S. London. Box 9285.

SCHOOLS

BRIGHTON. Preston College Kindergarten & Nursery, Preston Rd., Brighton 54282. Children fr. 1 yr. Qual. staff. Planned menus. Holiday boarders welc. Terms mod.

FOR freedom and self-government. Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, M.A., Ed. B.

KING Alfred School (F. 1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, ages 4 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Rd., N.W.11.

THE Moorland School, Clitheroe, Lancs. A happy purposeful community of a dozen adults and 50 children aged from 4-13. Recog by Min. of Educ. Fees £140 to £165 p.a.

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome enquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children. Vacancies for two boarders under nine.

SMALL group of weekly boarders accepted at St. Mary's Town and Country School, 38/40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. Primrose 4306. Elizabeth Paul.

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Boys and Girls (5-13). Freedom, health and happiness as basis of education. Apply Dorothy Mumford, B.Sc.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

THAMES. Croft House, Burcot, nr. Abingdon. Oxford 8 miles. Forget the long winter in a Spring holiday here. Boating, Hard Tennis Court, Billiards, Putting. A.A., R.A.C. Tel. Clifton Hampden 232.

LAKE District. For those who appreciate excellent cooking. Woodlands Guest House, Lakeside, via Ulverston, Lancs. Beautiful position overlooking Lake Windermere. Write for booklet.

BORROWDALE, Keswick, Leathes Cottage. Comfortable guest house. H. & C. all bedrooms. Central heating. On bus route. Centre for the high hills, near Derwentwater.

WRITER'S wife welcomes P.G.'s, cottage Fowey, Cornwall, 4-5*gns*. Breakfast and evening dinner. Write Box 9046.

SNOWDONIA. Sygun Fawr Hospice, Nr. Beddgelert. Private centre for walkers, climbers & families. Finely situated. Good food, hot baths, £4 17*s*. 6*d*. wk. incl. Mr. & Mrs. Paul Work.

OVERLOOKING sea. White Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex. Rottingdean 2614. 7 to 8*gns*. weekly.

CORONATION Fever will soon be at its height. To some the peacefulness of the country will be preferable to the pageantry of the Town. To such we offer the restfulness, the comfort and the good food of College Farm House, Fotheringhay (postal address: Nr. Peterborough, Northants). Club licence. Terms 35*s*. per day. Tel.: Cotterstock 208. Ashley Courtenay recommended.

DO you seek a stay in attractive cottage with garden, beautiful walks & Continental food? You find it 40 miles from London at 6*gns*. a week. Sunset Cottage, Clovelly Road, Hindhead. Telephone: 548.

BATH Attrac. holidays at min. cost (recom.). Westley, 23 Royal Crescent.

WORTHING—delightfully situated home of poet Henley, acre sheltered garden. Bedside lights, fires, H/C. Ample fare, varied, well-cooked, well-served. Own produce. Garage/parking. 5-7*gns*. No extras. St. George's Lodge, Chesswood Rd. 'Phone 2621.

ISLE of Wight Guest House, own beach, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. & C., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp) from N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

S.W. Cornish fishing village. Rest, relax, refresh in Torrevean Private Hotel, Porthleven. Lt. Commdr. H. G. Selby.

COUNTRY Guest House on lovely Herts.-Essex border, 27 miles London. Good food, sunny rooms, large garden, peaceful surroundings. "Chantry Mead," Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford. (Hatfield Heath 263.)

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor & Farm. Lovely garden & beautiful scenery. Sea warm. Centre King Arthur Country. Jersey milk and cream. Open all the year. Golf St. Enodoc. Salmon, trout in season. For Polzeath (surf-bathing), Port Quin, Lundy Bay, Port Gaverne. Sailing Padstow. Television for Coronation. Excel. cuisine & all personal comforts guaranteed. Book now. Adults from 9*gns*. Manageress, Mrs. Accles. Port Isaac 234.

BETWEEN Looe & Polperro. Country House possessing every modern amenity, in 12 acres gardens overlooking sea, offers restful holiday and perfect food based on own farm produce. No children under 14. Details and photo from Box 8944.

RYE. The Hope Anchor. R.A.C., A.A. apprvd. Licensed. Superb position in a lovely centre for Summer holidays. Rye 2216.

N. CORNWALL. St. Giles Hotel, Wadebridge. This is a small hotel charmingly situated in own grounds overlooking the River Camel and within four miles of safe bathing and surfing. It is an ideal centre for motorists and every comfort and consideration is available for our guests. Tel. 85 and 386.

FARM Holidays: 1953 Guide, describing "Britain's Best Farm Houses." Pages of pictures. 2*s*. 8*d*. post free. Farm Guide, Dept. NS, 49, Broomlands, Paisley.

LAKES Charm, old mans. Beaut. view. Mod. con. Reas. Croft Hotel, Ambleside 2334.

TINTAGEL/Boscastle, Trethevy Hotel. Beautiful Cornish coastal situation, home farm & ckg., every comfort. Brochure.

A PLEASANT congenial private hotel used by "N.S." readers offers twin or double-bedded rooms between May 16 and June 22. 5/6½*gns*. according floor, etc., including "extras" (early tea, gratuities, etc.). Early holidays need a mild climate. St. Leonards is "the finest" (town claim; informative brochure free). Two lounges. Meat or Vegetarian diet. Few vacancies for most summer weeks. Normanhurst, Sea-front, St. Leonards, Sussex. Near Orchestra, curative baths. Beautiful unspoilt Downs and country nearby.

CORNWALL, Port Isaac, Carn Haven Guest House, overlooking sea. H. & C. bedrooms. Farm produce, excel. food. Mod.

IF you are going to Cornwall stay the night in Chagford, between Exeter and Okehampton, for a good night's rest, and finish the journey in comfort. Write to the Secy., Chagford Hotels Association.

"THE Continental" answers your quest of a select guest-house. Companionable atmosphere. French food. (Illd. brochure.) 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, nr. East Grinstead, on the edge of Ashdown Forest, gives you comfort, good food and a friendly atmosphere. Club licence. The best air in Sussex and a little spoiling will work wonders if you have been ill. Sharpthorne 17.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses—the Bide-a-While Book. 3*s*. 6*d*., postage 2*d*. from N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Enjoy a quiet holiday in lovely country. Own produce. Spacious grounds. Comfy beds. Bus to Eastbourne. Te Whare Hotel, Horam. Tel: Horeham Rd. 32.

COME to the Lakes for your holiday. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, Keswick, offers magnificent views, attractive food, comfort in friendly atmosphere. Special facilities for climbers and Fell walkers. Anne Horner. 'Phone 508.

DEVON Farm. Vacs. late June/early July/Sept. Collard, Flear, E. Allington 227.

DERBYSHIRE Hills. Veget. Guest Hse. Restful comf., happy fellowship. Briars, Crich, nr. Matlock. Mr. & Mrs. Heymans.

HOVE. For happy comfortable holidays. 4 mins. sea & lawns. H. & C. Excellent food. Terms from 5*gns*. 18 Rutland Gardens. Tel.: Hove 39389.

SKYE. Olive & Harry Hilditch welcome you to a carefree holiday at Dunollie Hotel, Broadford 253.

CWALL, Castle Rock Hotel (AA-RAC), Port Issac for Position, Food, Comf., Enjoyment. Reduced tms. Easter/July 6-7½*gns*. High season 8-8½*gns*. Broch. Tel. 219.

SWANAGE. Vegetarian Guest House in loveliest beauty spot, sea and country, on S. Coast. 3 minutes sandy beach; H. & C.; Continental cooking; children welcomed. Golding, 52 Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

CHAGFORD, Devon. An endless variety of wonderful Dartmoor scenery. Moor Park Hotel, a delightful old Coaching House, for hospitality & comfort. Mod. amenities. Cocktail Bar, Riding; Trout Fishing. Central for runs to the coasts. A.A., R.A.C. Res. Props.: Randle & Robinson. Tel.: 2202.

EDINBURGH, West End. Mod. Atholl Hotel, 16 Rothesay Place, 3. CEN. 4871.

NATURIST Sun-bathing Holidays. Sunny Devon at Britain's Best Sun Club. Nice house, mod. cons., splendid grounds, camp sites, games. Full facilities nudist sun and air bathing. Write (encl. 1*s*.) for brochure, Secretary (C), N. Devon Club, Beaworthy, Devon.

IRELAND—Country hotel in lovely Connemara. Modern sanitation. H.C. in bedrooms. Abundant well cooked meals. Private bathing beach. Boating, fishing, motor trips arranged. Brochure on request. Dooneen House, Letterfrack, Connemara, Galway.

COTE D'Azur. Holidays at moderate inclusive terms. Typical Provençal hotel. Restaurant with 1st class French cuisine. All modern comforts. Own cabin cruiser and car. Illus. brochure—Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

VILLAGES Magiques: £39 for 2 weeks in Sicily via Paris, Rome, Pompeii. Enqs. C.I.T. (England), Ltd., 66 Haymarket, S.W.1.

SOUTHERN France, near Pyrenees: simple, friendly accom. 2-3 persons; good excursion centre; gdn.; inside sanitation. Full brd. 900-1,000 frs. p. d. Write Mme. Bielschowsky, Bocil-Bezing, près Pau, France (B.P.).

GOOD Food Club members recommend over 750 places throughout Britain which serve a good meal at a reasonable price, in the "Good Food Guide" 1953-54. Entirely revised and much enlarged, but still 5*s*. from all booksellers. Published by Cassell & Co., 37 St. Andrews Hill, London, E.C.4.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837.

DUREX gloves and all rubber surgical appliances sent on by registered post. Send for our free price list now. H. Piertag, 34 Wardour Street, London, W.1.

STRIPED Ticking. Waxed and Featherproof, 56 in. wide, superb quality, only 7*s*. 6*d*. yd. Post 1*s*. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 81), 1 Stoke Newington Road, London, N.16.

BAN Gin Traps which torture. I can send you particulars of eleven other humane ways of killing rabbits. Refuse to buy rabbits with legs mangled by traps or swollen heads from snares. Also write for Fur Crusade leaflets telling how to kill domestic animals and poultry; and White List of furs humanely obtained. Major Van der Byl, 49 Tregunter Road, London, S.W.10.

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer (of Ramsey & Muspratt), London Studio, 3, Warwick Gdns., Kensington High St. WES. 1398 (ring mornings if possible).

PRINTING. Let Messrs. Blackley & Potter, Ltd., execute the printing of your Visiting Cards, Leaflets, Booklets, etc., promptly, & at competitive prices. 8 Hollywood Rd., S.W.10. Flax. 8939.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3*s*. 6*d*. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1*s*. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

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ONE of the earliest electronic devices to strike the popular imagination was the photoelectric cell or "electric eye". The public became familiar with it as a gadget for mysteriously opening doors or sounding burglar alarms.

The modern emissive photocell continues to perform these tasks, but in addition it is employed in a wide variety of control and measuring equipments which are already indispensable to industry.

The cell contains a photo-sensitive cathode which emits electrons when light radiations fall upon it. This emission, or current, corresponds in strength to variations in the light intensity, even when minute, and when the current is amplified it can be used to operate measuring, indicating or control instruments. With suitable photo-cathode materials and, if necessary, with the aid of filters, these photocells can also be made sensitive to colour.

Among the many applications of photocells are high speed counting, batching and sorting of mass-produced articles; inspecting for variations in size or colour; controlling of temperature, smoke, liquid, position, printing register, or photographic exposure; safety devices in machines and furnaces; and sound-heads in modern cinema projection equipment.

Mullard photocells are used extensively for all these purposes, and research is constantly opening up new fields of application.

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(MP.410)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

ORMOND College, University of Melbourne, Australia. Applications are invited for the office of Master (i.e. Head of the College). Salary: £A1,575—£A1,775 according to qualifications and experience, together with superannuation and other benefits. Full particulars and Paper of Information are obtainable from the Chairman, Ormond College Council, Ormond College, Melbourne, N.3, Victoria, Australia, or from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is July 31, 1953.

UNIVERSITY of Natal, South Africa. Applications are invited for: (a) a Professorship, and (b) a Senior Lectureship, in the Department of History and Political Science, Pietermaritzburg. The present salary scales, which are expected to be shortly increased, are: Professor: Men £850 × £30—£1,180 × £20—£1,200; Women £600 × £25—£900. Senior Lecturer: Men £600 × £25—£900; Women £550 × £25—£725. In addition, cost of living allowances of £320 p.a. for married and £100 p.a. for single officers are paid. Commencing salary will depend on qualifications and experience. Further details and information as to method of application may be obtained from The Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Closing date for the receipt of applications is August 15, 1953.

RHODES University, Grahamstown, South Africa. Applications are invited for the post of: Lecturer in Classics from January, 1954. Salary scales: Men: £550 × £25—£700 p.a.; Women: £425 × £25—£575 p.a. (These scales are at present under revision.) Plus a variable cost-of-living allowance, at present about £144 p.a. for single persons and £320 p.a. for married persons. Previous experience and academic qualifications may be taken into account in fixing the initial salary. Full particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Closing date for the receipt of applications is June 30, 1953. R. Martin, Acting Registrar.

UNIVERSITY College of Hull. Department of Adult Education. Temporary Staff Tutor to take courses (internal and extramural) in the History and Appreciation of Art required in September for the session 1953-54. Salary £450 to £650 according to qualifications and experience, with family allowances. Eight copies of application and testimonials with names and addresses of three persons for reference, should be sent to the Registrar of the University College (from whom further particulars can be obtained) by June 22.

LONDON County Council. Boarding Special School. Headmaster or Headmistress and Matron, George Rainey School, Barham House, London Road, St. Leonards-on Sea, Sussex, a boarding school for (from September, 1953) delicate boys and girls 5-11. Accommodation for 54 children (probably to be reduced to 42). Applications invited for appointment in September as: Headmaster or Headmistress Burnham group 2 (S) Head's allowance £110 (man), £100 (woman) plus S.S. addition, and free board, lodging & laundry in return for duties outside school hours and at week-ends. Matron (experience of institutional management and up-to-date methods in child care desirable). Inclusive scale £276 × £18—£348, plus board, lodging and laundry. Persons selected will be appointed jointly and may be husband as headmaster, wife as matron. Further particulars and application forms from Educ. Officer (EO/TS10), County Hall, London, S.E.1; closing date June 6.

PINEWOOD requires cook, teacher and matron—see schools advt. Elizabeth Strachan, Amwellbury, Ware, Herts. Ware 52.

CITY of Bath Education Committee. Bath Academy of Art, Corsham Court, Wiltshire. Principal—Clifford Ellis. Applications are invited for the post of Principal's Secretary to commence September 1, 1953. Salary £376 to £412. Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the Principal, Bath Academy of Art, Corsham Court, Wiltshire. H. W. Brand, Director of Education, Education Department, Guildhall, Bath.

YOUNG resident Governess-Companion required to teach boy aged 9 yrs. Must be fully qualified and willing to participate in activities of large, happy family, living in pleasant residential suburb of Manchester. Reply, stating age, quals., exp. and salary reqd. Box 9174.

MARGARET McMillan House, Wrotham, Kent. Warden required September for this residential nursery/infant school used as practising school by students Rachel McMillan College. Work largely with students but also responsible for general arrangements and supervision. Applicants must have good qualifications in education and some experience of work with young children. Salary: Pelham lecturer scale. Further details apply Principal, Rachel McMillan College, Deptford, S.E.8.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AMENDED. Experimental Officers and Assistant Experimental Officers in various Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable posts. Applications may be accepted up to December 31, 1953, but an earlier closing date may be announced either for the competition as a whole or in one or more subjects. Interviews will generally be held shortly after the receipt of the completed application form. The posts are divided between following main groups and subjects (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences, (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy, (c) Biological Sciences, (d) Engineering subjects and (e) Miscellaneous (including e.g., Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). Age Limits: For Experimental Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on December 31, 1953; for Assistant Experimental Officers at least 18 and under 28 on December 31, 1953. Extension for regular service in H.M. Forces. Candidates must have at least one of a number of specified qualifications. Examples are Higher School Certificate, General Certificate of Education, Scottish Leaving Certificate, Scottish Universities Preliminary Examination, Northern Ireland Senior Certificate (all in appropriate subjects and at appropriate levels), Higher National Certificate, University degree. Candidates taking their examinations in 1953 may be admitted. Candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. In general a higher standard of qualification will be looked for in the older candidates than in the younger ones. Inclusive London salary scales: Experimental Officer £681-£838 (men). Assistant Experimental Officer £274-£607 (men). Starting pay according to age up to 26. At 18, £274; at 26, £495 (men). Somewhat lower in provinces and for women. Further particulars and application forms from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S94-95/53. Completed application forms should be returned as soon as possible.

SCOTTISH Record Office: Assistant Keeper II. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for this pensionable post. Age at least 21 and under 26 on Jan. 1, 1953; extension for regular service in H.M. Forces or for exceptional qualifications and up to two years for other Forces service. Candidates must have (or obtain in summer, 1953) a First- or Second-Class Honours Degree in History (preferably including Scottish History) or in Law (preferably including Scots Law), and must have a knowledge of Latin and French. Inclusive salary £429 to £639. Somewhat lower for women. Starting salary increased by up to two increments for post-graduate experience and for compulsory service in H.M. Forces. Promotion prospects. Particulars and application forms from Keeper of the Records of Scotland, H.M. General Register House, Edinburgh, 2. Application forms to be returned by June 10, 1953.

EDINBURGH University Settlement, resident Warden, male or female, required: self-contained quarters provided. Diploma or Certificate in Social Study and experience in supervision of Social Study students desirable; salary according to qualifications and experience. Work includes supervision of student residents, organisation of Community Centre, Adult Education College, Nursery Schools and Youth Clubs. Apply, stating age, qualific., particulars of experience and enclosing copy testimonials and names of two refs., to Sec., Cameron House, Edinburgh 9.

COUNTY Borough of Croydon. Nursery Matron. Applications are invited from S.R.N. or S.R.C.N. for this post at a residential nursery for 24 children under 3 years of age. Salary £425 × £15 to £560 per annum less £145 per annum for board and lodging. The appointment is pensionable and subject to medical examination. Applicants must have a genuine understanding of the needs of small children, and experience in residential work is desirable. Application (on forms from the Children's Officer, 3 Fell Road, Croydon), must be submitted by return of post. E. Taberner, Town Clerk.

COUNTY Borough of Croydon. Deputy Matron. Applications are invited from women with nursery qualifications and previous experience for this appointment at a residential nursery in South Croydon for 24 children under 2½ years. Salary: On the scale £375 × £15 –£495 per annum, less £145 per annum for residence. The appointment is pensionable and subject to medical exam. Application (on forms from Children's Officer, 3 Fell Rd. (Croydon), must be submitted by return. E. Taberner, Town Clerk.

COUNTY Borough of Croydon. Children's Department. Qualified Nursery Nurse required at the Malatia Nursery, 78 St. Augustine's Avenue, South Croydon (for 24 children under 2½ years). Salary scale for 20 years and over, £347 10s. by increments of £12 10s. to £460 per annum less £135 for board and lodging. The appointment is pensionable and subject to medical examination. Applic. (on forms from Children's Officer, 3 Fell Road, Croydon), must be submitted by return of post. E. Taberner, Town Clerk.

CASEWORKERS reqd. (male & female) for problem family casework. Apply for details: Caseworker Organiser, Family Rehabilitation Service 71 Vallance Rd., London, E.1.

MODERN Day Nursery (Jewish) has vacs. for young women with suitable quals. and exp. Apply: British O.S.E. Society, 109/111 Stamford Hill, London, N.16.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SENIOR Scientific Officers; Scientific Officers; Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent and pensionable appointments to be filled by competitive interview during 1953. Interviews will continue throughout the year, but a closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1953, may eventually be announced. The Scientific posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide range of Scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science; in Biology the number of vacancies is small. The Patent posts are in the Patent Office (Board of Trade), Admiralty and Ministry of Supply. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first- or second-class honours in an appropriate scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification; or for Scientific posts, possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Candidates for Scientific Officer and Patent posts taking their degrees in 1953 may be admitted to compete before the result of their degree examination is known. Age Limits: Senior Scientific Officers, between 26 and 31; for Scientific Officers and Patent Classes, between 21 and 28 during 1953 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class competing as Scientific Officers). London Salary Scales: Senior Scientific Officers, (men) £812—£1,022; (women) £681—£917; Scientific Officers, (men) £440—£707; (women) £440—£576; Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes, (men) £440—£655; (women) £440—£576. Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S.53/53 for Senior Scientific Officers S.52/53, S.128/53, for other posts.

BRITISH Electricity Authority require senior assistant in Education and Training Branch of Welfare Department at Headquarters in London. This Branch advises upon the training of manual, technical, administrative and managerial staff throughout the electricity supply industry, prepares schemes for consideration through the machinery for Joint Consultation, and operates two Residential Training Centres. Duties are administrative and will include the preparation of reports and committee papers. Salary within A.E.C. Grade 7 (£814-£905 p.a.). Superannuation Scheme. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, to D. Moffat, Director of Establishments, Winsley Street, W.1, by June 8, 1953. Quote reference AE/382.

WORK in Canada or Australia. Young men (22/28) with ambition, enthusiasm and initiative required for London training — light engineering production work—before being sent to our factories overseas to settle. Excellent opportunities and pay. Write fully to O. S. Dexion, Ltd., 65 Maygrove Rd., N.W.6, stating age, education, background, enclosing copy testimonials and school reports.

COURIER, pref. Italian-speaking, required immed., small parties. Box 9273.

MARKS & Spencer, Limited, invite applications from women between the ages of 22 and 35 years, interested in staff management. The posts offered are highly progressive and can, for women with initiative and imagination, lead to executive positions at top level salaries. Academic qualifications an asset, but consideration also given to previous business experience. Applicants must agree to a certain degree of mobility in order to make real progress. A period of comprehensive training in the Company's system is given, during which time a good salary is paid. Applications should be addressed in writing, giving full details of age, education, qualifications and previous experience, to the Staff Superintendent, 82 Baker Street, London, W.1; preliminary interviews may take place regionally throughout the country.

ASSISTANT Occupational Therapist (Male) and Assistant Occupational Therapist (Female) required. Candidates should possess a recognised qualification. National Whitley Council Salary Scale. Established pensionable, subject to medical examination. Applications, giving full details of age, experience, etc., with names of three referees, to Physician Superintendent, St. Bernard's Hospital for Nervous and Mental Disorders, Southall, Middlesex.

MALADJUSTED children. Two vacancies occur at small Co-educational Boarding School, Matron's Assistant, young woman preferably some experience, also Cook's Assistant, either sex. Salary in each case £150/£200 plus board and lodging. Apply stating experience, etc., and giving names of two referees to W. David Wills, Bodenham Manor, Hereford.

BURNETTS have the Best Jobs! All the week we are busy placing well-educated Office Staff in London's best-paid and most interesting professional and commercial jobs —with pay holidays this year, too! Burnett Bureau, Ltd., 77, Dean St., W.1. GER. 9911 (7 lines). Come along and see for yourself!

SENIOR Shorthand-typist reqd. for Trade Union office—Hammersmith area. Trade Union rates and conditions. Apply in writing giving age and experience. Box 9389.

TEMPORARY/part-time Sh/typs. Interesting work, by hr./day/week. WHI. 5392.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WEST Sussex County Council. Applications are invited for the posts of Superintendent and Matron at St. Christopher's Reception Home, Rustington, nr. Littlehampton, for 19 children of both sexes in the age range 3-16. Applicants for the post of Superintendent should hold a Social Science Certificate and preferably a Mental Health qualification. The Matron should have good domestic and home nursing qualifications. Both should have a particular interest in the purpose of a Reception Home, with experience of observation and assessment of children for whom a long-term plan of care is necessary. Salaries in accordance with National Scales plus, in the case of the Senior appointment up to £80 per annum for an approved qualification. Letters, with short outline of experience, should be addressed to The Children's Officer, County Hall, Chichester, and application forms and further particulars will then be forwarded. The size of the Home unfortunately precludes the appointment of staff with children of their own. T. C. Hayward, Clerk of the County Council.

MIDDLESEX County Council—Education Committee. Non-Nursing Matron reqd. at Hurtwood School, Peaslake, nr. Guildford, Surrey, accommodating 36 Jnr. deaf children. Knowledge of first-aid and home nursing essential. Exper. in household management, advantage. Salary £324 × £15—£369 plus emoluments valued at £201 p.a. Prescribed conditions. Application forms (stmpd. add. env.) from Chief Education Officer (Ref. GP.), 10 Gt. George St., Westminster, S.W.1, returnable by June 12 (quoting M.47 N.S.). Canvassing disqualifies.

SECRETARY/Shorthand Typist required for special psychological research unit. Varied and interesting appointment. General Certificate standard of education. Age 21 upwards. Minimum starting salary £305, eventual maximum £415. Canteen facilities. Applic. forms. to be returned within 7 days, from Sec., Inst. of Psychiatry, Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, S.E.5. (NRU).

OPPORTUNITY occurs at the Irving Theatre, Leicester Square, for ambitious young person with knowledge of lettering to design & lay-out for Stage Decor. Small salary.

NAT. Union of Students reqs. part-time typist & full-time sh. typist. 'Phone for appointment, Gen. Sec., EUS. 2184.

INTERNATIONAL cultural society requires shorthand-typist-secretary, bi-lingual English/German, British or Austrian born. Interesting responsible hard work. Write full details, age, experience Box 9386.

EXCELLENT secretarial posts for well-educated women. Temp. & perm., some with short hrs. St. Stephen's Secretariat, 38 Parliament St., Westminster. WHI. 0606.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG woman with ideas, a musical-literary background, secretarial exp. and of personable appearance, desires interesting post (secretarial/other) where attributes would not fall entirely amiss. Box 9286.

LECTURER. Comparative Religion, Classical Philosophy, History, congenial discussion leader: Dr. philos. Heidelberg; 20 years' experience in Adult Education England; seeks additional task Greater London, 1953-1954. Box 9380.

DOMESTIC science trnd. cookery demonstrator sks. change. Resourceful/enterprising; wd. travel. Suggestions? Box 9244.

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

STUDENTSHIP

UNIVERSITY of London. Metcalfe Studentship for Women. Applications are invited for the Metcalfe Studentship for Women, which is of the value of £60* for one year. Candidates must be graduates of a University of the United Kingdom and must be prepared to undertake research at the London School of Economics on some social, economic or industrial problem to be approved by the University. Applicants who do not know the result of their Degree Examinations may make provisional application. Applications, on a prescribed form, must reach the Academic Registrar, University of London, at the Senate House, London, W.C.1 (from whom further particulars may be obtained), not later than June 6, 1953. *In certain circumstances the Ministry of Education may supplement the emoluments of this Studentship at their normal rates.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: "Economist" 1948-52, complete with indexes, offers?; Keesings since 1946; "Airfield at Dawn," original painting by C. R. W. Nevinson—bargain; E.M.G. Mark IX Gramophone AC/DC motor, best offer over £12; Kastner Upright Piano, excellent tone and condition, £75.

WANTED: Belloc's "Pyrenees", state edition; Handbook Marxism; Trotsky's History; Old-fashioned gramophone cylinders of notable music-hall stars; Chinese Linguaphone; Buy, hire conversational French Linguaphone course; Zeiss 10 × 50 "Delkarem" binoculars.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, Great Turnstile, mentioning advertisement and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

SUMMER SCHOOLS—contd. from page 628

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Department of Extra-Mural Studies. Summer School in Archæological Excavation directed by Miss Kathleen Kenyon, F.S.A. At Viroconium (Wroxeter) Shropshire from August 29-September 12. Inclusive fees £13 or £6 15s. for one week. Details from The Director of Extra-Mural Studies, The University, Edmund Street, Birmingham, 3.

PERSONAL

ENGLISH girl, 19, world-wide training, linguist (English, Dutch, German) seeks as from Sept./October post with children in France to improve French. Kroeger, 108 Kerkewijk, Veenendaal, Holland.

EFFIC. help house/child/surgery/school, etc., offered by doctor's wife in return unfurn./partly furn. accom. at reas. rent. S. London. Pref s/c. Min. 3 rooms. Box 9316.

GERMAN student (male, 22) English & French linguist, wants to spend 4 wks. in English family, August 1-31, in exchange any work. Box 9309.

GERMAN language conversational practice required, London area. Box 9284.

COACHING: Econs., Geography, all levels, by M. Commerce (Hons.). Box 9308.

RADIOGRAM. Garrard motor. Self-changing records. Walnut cabinet made f. Queen Anne period rm. £35. Box 9298.

FRENCH tuition, London, by Frenchman, Paris Univ. grad. 8s. p. hr. Box 9341.

MALE adult requires swimming instruction. Central London. Before or after business hours. Box 9319.

CRUISING Holiday? Aux. ketch. 4 berth. Very com. Based Solent. MAI. 2422.

DUTCH paintings. A small private collection for sale. By or attributed to Gerard Dou, Wouwerman, etc. Box 9297.

SUMMER Idyll. Italy/Spain. Exciting, economical personal tour August. Young Anglo-Jewish party, ages 18-30. Prelim. meeting June 7. Partics. FRE. 0283 or Box 9295.

YOUNG woman wants female companion for holiday abroad in July. Box 9278.

TYROL. 17 days, £23 incl. 2-3 still wanted in priv. holiday party. July 18-Aug. 3. Hudson, 3 St. Cuthbert's Rd., N.W.2.

CAN car owner offer lift to 3 yg. women proceeding London/Lakes June 13? or return June 17? Exps. shd. Box 8853.

GENTLEMAN invites 2 male drivers for leisurely luxury trip Milan and back 21-28 days July. Indiv. stopovers poss. Share expenses. References. Box 9377.

INDIAN, M.A. (Cantab.), barrister, 30, seeks part-time work, London. Box 9404.

EDUC. Frenchman teaches French. Convers., reading, writing, trnsl. Box 9401.

CAMBRIDGE Undergraduate seeks job June-Sept. as Tutor, Companion, Caretaker, etc. Write Box 9274.

YOUNG French student seeks family stay as paying guest August. Martin, College franco-britannique, Cité Univ., Paris 14e.

SCHOOLGIRL, 15, Grammar Vth Form, industrious, intelligent, reliable, seeks residential post with family for Summer holidays. Clerical, library help, anything considered. Refs. exchanged. Box 8802.

LADY, 34, Scotch, seeks another interested hiking/cycling Continent July and August. Box 9018.

SCHOOLMISTRESS, 25, desires pleas. holiday companion (f.) hitch-hiking abroad, August. Box 9012.

CONDUCTOR with own orchestra available for operatic or choral society, municipal concerts etc., in/nr. London. Box 9228.

ART student, Yugoslav, seeks exchange enterprising student or sim. London-Belgrade approx. 10 mths. Comf. home. Good refs. Box 9096.

CAR Tour from home to S. France—or elsewhere. Brochure. Box 8624.

SPAIN. Aug. 9-25 approx. Rqd. 2 seats priv. car, share exp. Driver. Box 9172.

STUDENT (m) 27 shs. interesting employment 6-8 weeks from July 14. Expd. as guide, driver. Anything considered. Box 9346.

RACIAL Unity Club, Brixton, needs folk, square, ballroom dancing records. What offers? We will collect. Write Racial Unity, Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1.

CHILDREN cared for, over 9, evg., days &c. Schoolmaster's home. MAI. 2422.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

ABLE Boys: sailing on the Norfolk Broads for boys 12-16 (newcomers 12-14), living aboard. Able Crews: the same, for girls and boys. Waterboys: canoeing and swimming camp for boys 10-14, beside the upper Thames. Booklets from R. R. Skemp, 41 Bartlemas Road, Oxford.

CAMPING holiday August 4-18. Boys and girls over 11. Wonderful South-coast site. 3gns. a week. Burgess Hill School, Oak Hill Park, N.W.3.

BETTER sight without Glasses. The Bates Treatment for refractive errors and eyesight rehabilitation. Miss Evelyn Sage sees pupils by appointment at 76 Twyford Ave., East Finchley, N.2. Tel. TUDor 4776.

PERSONAL—continued

DON'T let the weather spoil your holiday this year! Enjoy a Contours Mediterranean holiday with guaranteed sunshine. Ask for 52-page Contours holiday planning book—it is more than a list of "tours." Our book suggests ideas but it is your personal requirements that determine the exact form your Contours holiday will take. Contours Ltd., 72 Newman St., London, W.1. MUS. 8499/6463

GREECE. 18-day holiday, based on Corfu, to Athens, Delphi, Epidaurus, Mycenæ, Nauplia, Corinth. Completely inclusive cost: £47 3s. 6d. (or 25 days for £52 3s. 6d.). An evening and night in Paris en route and a day in Venice. Also holidays in Piombino (Italy), Elba, Rome and Yugo-Slavia. Water ski-ing and undersea fishing equipment and instruction free. Club Mediterranee, 66 Great Russell St., London, W.C.1. Tel. Holborn 4846.

FOR the best holiday value in Switzerland and all available countries write for 1953 Programme to Swiss Hotel Plan Travel Service, 245 Regent St., London, W.1. 'Phone: GRO. 8921. 21 Continental Offices.

ROMAN Wall. For coach tours of Hadrian's Wall and the Border Country, apply to long-established local specialists. Quotations from Sowerbys Tours, Limited, Gilsland, Carlisle.

YUGOSLAVIA for your holiday. I visited Yugoslavia last year and found it ideal for those who like sunshine, warm bathing, romantic scenery, cheap wine and friendly people! Join one of our Yugoslav parties June 20, August 1, 15 and 29. Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 and 9225.

NOW that the Allowance has been increased it will pay you more than ever to let "Foreign Travel" arrange your holiday abroad. Our new 1953 programme includes some suggestions for exceptionally attractive coach tours to Austria, Spain, France, Italy and Yugoslavia, etc., from as little as 29*gns*. Comfort, good food and smooth efficiency assured throughout. Illustrated brochure on application to Foreign Travel, Ltd., 141 Ellesmere Rd., N.W.10. GLAdstone 2239.

SWISS, Italian, French and German Universities can be visited by students and language enthusiasts who would like to add point to their summer vacation by sharing it with others from all over Europe. Prices range from 28½ to 30 guineas inclusive for three weeks abroad. Details from Specialised Travel Service, Ltd. (NU) 66 Paddington St., London, W.1. (WEL. 9935.)

STUDENT Travel Summer 1935—offers to you many varied opportunities for your summer holiday this year. 17 days at the Bayreuth Festival and Heidelberg (£29); or at St. Aygulf on the French Riviera (£28 15s.); 15 days at Santa Eulalia in Ibiza (£36 5s.); 17 days at Lucerne Festival in Vitznau (£35). Details of these and many other wonderful holidays may be obtained from the National Union of Students Travel Department (NS), 3 Endsleigh Street, W.C.1. EUSton 2184.

GENOA, Florence, Venice, Innsbruck, Paris. A leisurely small party tour for the lover of beauty. 1st deps. June 7 and 28. 15 days, 49*gns*. Mr. North, c/o Allways, 17 Sicilian Avenue, London, W.C.1. CHA. 6436/7.

JOHN Vickers—Photographer. Specialist in Portraiture of those who usually face the camera with misgiving. 'Phone Victoria 4915. 29B, Belgrave Road, London, S.W.1.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

NEWLANDS, Reg. Nursing Home, Langley Hill, King's Langley, Herts. Tel. K.L. 2519/3333. For med., post-operative & convalescent patients. Reduced terms prof. people.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell Today" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

HOLIDAYS the "En Famille" Way in Austria, France, Germany, Scandinavia. . . . "To get the best out of travelling is to learn to understand new customs, new ways of living, new ways even of thinking." Spend your holidays abroad, then, in the interesting, friendly atmosphere of a private family. Illus. Brochure: E.F.A., 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

STUDY/Holiday Course at old established Surrey Pottery. Accom. nearby—own room, full/part board, large garden. One week or more. Box 9266.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

NERVE-stimulating therapy for tired nerves. Massage, Manipulation, Osteopathy. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. Tel. Welbeck 9600. Ask for brochure.

YOUR "Self" can make saleable MSS. No Sales-No Fees tuition. Free N2 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success" from B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124, New Bond St., London, W.1.

THE Union of Modern Free Churchmen welcomes to membership all Christian people who are not afraid of new knowledge or free discussion: write The Secretary, 135 Hemdean Rd., Caversham, Reading.

PERSONAL—continued

YOUNG Poale Zion (Zionist Socialist Youth, 18-30 yrs.). Annual Summer Camp, this year at Argeles-sur-Mer, France. £25, inc. travel, accommodation, kosher board. July 25 to August 10. Full cultural and social programme. Apply: Y.P.Z. Summer Camp, 36 Wellington Street, W.C.2. Telephone, Temple Bar 2218.

UNHANDYMANISH though intelligent Londoners now call in Facility to repair, decorate, clean, renovate, instal or adapt any goods and chattels, furnishings, appliances and services in home, office and shop. Facility collects, redelivers, is prompt, efficient, inexpensive, gives a guarantee—ask Peter Hunot or Philip Youngman, who run "Facility Repairs and Renovations" from 83-91 Little Albany Street, N.W.1. EUSton 7211.

SKETCHING Holiday in Provence. James Dring, A.R.C.A., will be taking a sketching party to Arles for a fortnight in August. Oil and water-colour painting, with expert help and criticism. Write for full details to Ramblers' Association Services, 48a Park Rd., London, N.W.1.

SPAIN, Costa Brava, Sitges, 15 days sun. Small mixed party unherded tho' escorted, interested in people and folklore. Send vac. dates Spain Travel, 19 Woburn Sq., W.C.1.

CORSICA for an inexpensive "out of the ordinary" 14 days sunshine holiday at the Camp de l'Horizon on the beautiful Bay of Calvi by air and full board and accommodation for only £39 10s. Plan now. Write or phone for fully illustrated free brochure to (Dept. CS21), Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. CITy 7163.

YOUR last chance to join one of our parties. Paris 8 days £11 19s. 6d. Also Brussels, Switzerland, Italy. Details: Hillgrove, 12 Slades Hill, Enfield.

WHY drag your luggage through the Channel Customs when you can fly over them? Why worry about "couchettes" when you can sleep comfortably at a Swiss or Austrian hotel? 14 nights: £29-£42 all-in. E.I.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

SOCIALIST camps, schools, centres, film festival, on Continent throughout summer. Reductions available on many tours. Full programme: International Union of Socialist Youth, 8 Gayfere St., S.W.1. ABB. 6894.

PARIS £16 10s.; Spain £29; Yugoslavia £27 10s. to £37 10s. for 2 weeks inclusive. For full programme send S.A.E. to Holiday Friendship Service, 5 Goodwins Court, London, W.C.2.

KINGSTON Clinic, Edinburgh, 9. "The home of modern Nature Cure." Illustrated brochure gladly sent on request.

GUITAR tuition, Segovia style. Beginners' Courses, regardless of age. Free Folder: Len Williams, Spanish Guitar Centre, 12 Little Newport Street, W.C.2. GER. 6457.

WHIT Week-end or wet week-ends, Ferrania film always guarantees the very best results from your camera.

SPAIN. Sitges, Tossa, 15 days unherded tho' escorted. Small mixed informal party. Spain Travel, 19 Woburn Sq., W.C.1.

THE Different Holiday. 12-day cruises on England's lovely Waterways. Brochure: Waterborne Tours, BCM/Canals (C), W.C.1.

CHILDREN'S Hotel. Sea. Country. Every care. Thanet House, St. Peter's, Broadstairs. Thanet 62547.

QUICKHAND in one week-end: rapid notes your ordinary writing. Full course 15s. M.A. Educ. (N), 119 Brent St., N.W.4.

BAKER St. School of Dancing (97). Priv. lessns/classes Ballrm. dancing. WEL. 4841.

P.S. Had you got world enough and time there would be no urgency but May runs out and soon Harold Ingham's Summer School programme will interest only historians.

P.P.S. Write now to 15 St. John's Road, Harrow. (Harrow 1040.)

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

DUPLICATING, typing, express service, office staff supplied. Southern Secretarial Agency, 69, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1. ABB. 1511/2.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

THE 1953 Edition of The Writers' and Artists' Year Book costs only 7s. 6d.—a reduction of 1s. 6d. on last year's edition. It gives you the requirements of journals, magazines, publishers and agents, a comprehensive calendar of anniversaries, lists of pennames and pseudonyms, special libraries, and much valuable information on copyright, libel, publishers' agreements, translations, type faces, etc., etc. Published by A. & C. Black, Ltd., 4 Soho Square, London, W.1, and obtainable from any bookseller.

AVAILABLE Now: English-Hebrew Dictionary 16s., Complete Hebrew Self Taught 30s., Beginners' Hebrew Self Taught 9s. 6d., all by P. Blackman, F.C.S., "Foundations," the Modern Hebrew Grammar, 6s. 6d. All from H. Pordes, 148 New Cavendish Street, London, W.1. MUS. 5250.

"DIE Kunst Und Das Schone Heim," monthly survey of important trends in Art, Sculpture, Architecture and Interior Decoration. Prospectus from EMGEE, 33 Dartmouth Park Ave., N.W.5.

UNITARIANS. What do they believe? Information and literature on receipt of stamp, from Mrs. Dickin, 17a Hermitage St., Crewkerne, Somerset.

"HEALTHY Childhood" by Jessie R. Thomson. "Commonsense and sincerity"—A. S. Neill. "Can be unreservedly recommended."—Daily Mail. By post 8s. from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

GERMAN Literature bought & sold.—Continental Book Supply, 24 Whitechurch Lane, E.1—by appointment only. MOU. 1482.

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THE Rodney Book Service offers you a Book Scheme which enables you to read the works of your favourite authors as soon as published, at 10% of the usual cost. No Waiting, No Enrolment Fee. For details: The Rodney Book Service (Dept. N), Rodney House, Monmouth St., London, W.C.2.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

BOOKS on Economics, Politics, History, Socialism bought/sold. Lists: Frank Cass, 31 Lewesron Place, London, N.16.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

HAMPSTEAD Garden Suburb. Very modern detached house, 3-4 Beds., 2 Rec. Garage. Near Heath. Not for Buyer reqg. traditional discomfort. £5,850. SPE. 3108.

UNIQUE Regency Gothic Group including Nationally Protected landmark in Kentish Parkland, 1 hr. from London, is being converted by Festival Architect into dwellings with contemporary interiors. Fully equipped and centrally heated, four dwellings still available. Also 3 building sites. Box 9375.

HEREFORD. Black and white cottage, 8 rooms, 4 miles city. Best offer over £1,500. 128 Widemarsh St., Hereford.

NORTH Cornwall coast. Attractive house, sunny, sheltered, overlooking sea, ¾ acre garden. Aga kitchen, 2 sitts., 3/5 bedrooms, bath./lav. Possession. Freehold. Approx. £2,900. Box 8753.

GUEST House for sale, S. Coast. Beautiful position; 9 bedrooms, etc., perfect condition; garden, chalets, garage. £4,650 Freehold. Substantial mortgage available. Absolute bargain. Box 8690.

CORNWALL. By unspoiled inlet on North Coast, restored 6-roomed fisherman's cottage, with 2 smaller cottages needing renovation, all under one roof. Few conveniences, many possibilities. £2,250 freehold. Maxwell, Portquin, Port Isaac.

CAMBRIDGE 3 m. cott. 4 rms., kit., bath, gdn., main water, elec. £950. Fhold. Bardwell, 7 Weech Rd., N.W.6. HAM. 2551.

CO. Cork, Eire. Modernised small but many-roomed house on bus route by the sea near Bantry. Freehold £2,300 o.n.o. Bathroom, garage, kitchen, running h. & c. Rayburn. Gas lighting & cookg. Box 9184.

ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 1075. Evgs. 7.30, Sats. 6 and 8.30. Theatre Workshop, "Three Men on a Horse."

TOWER Theatre, Canonbury Place, N.1 (Nr. Islington Town Hall). To-night (Fri.) and to-morrow, Ibsen's "Ghosts." Opening Thurs. next week, Linklater's "Love in Albania." Seats 2s., 3s. 6d. & 5s. bookable. CAN. 5111 after 7.

ARTS. Tem. 3334. 7 (ex. Mon.), St., Sun., 5 & 8. "Second Best Bed." Mems.

UNITY (Eus. 5391). Sean O'Casey's Comedies. "Three in a Row." Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Mems. 2s. 6d. p.a.

IRVING. (Whi. 8657). 10.30 (ex. Mon.), Sun. 9.30, "Round The Square." From May 26, Coronation Cabaret. Mems. 5s. yr.

NEW Lindsey Theatre: "In the Lap of the Gods." Revue. Tues.-Saturday, 5 & 8. Mems. Bay. 2512.

NEW Torch Theatre Club. SLO. 4424. May 26 for 2 weeks, evgs. 8 p.m. A new play by Diana Maugham, "Snow." Mems.

EVENING of Danish Literature. Arnold Marlé, Lilly Freud-Marlé. Drama, Prose, Poetry. Peter Freuchen, Jens Peter Jacobsen, Adam Oehlenschläger, H. Ch. Andersen (in German). Thursday, May 28, 1953, 7.30 p.m., Broadhurst Hall, 1 Broadhurst Gdns., N.W.6 (nr. Finchley Tube). Tickets 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., students 2s. 6d. Apply: Secretary of Lilly Freud-Marlé, 4 Castellain Rd., W.9. CUN. 9623 & Box Office.

ERNEST Berk, Peter Ury & Students, Recital of Modern Ballet, Sat., May 23, 7.30. Stanhope Inst., Stanhope St., N.W.1, off Euston Rd. Tkts. fr. Inst., EUS. 6787 or SHE. 4773. 5s., 3s. 6d., res., 2s. 6d. unres.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until May 24: "All Quiet On The Western Front" (A). From May 25: Renoir's "The River" (U).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., May 24, 7.30. "Sposa Non Puo Attendere" (A).

"LA Beauté du Diable." Rene Clair's witty modern version of Faust, 7.30 p.m., May 28. Guest tickets (advance only) 2s. 6d. Secretary, Hammersmith Film Society, Town Hall, W.6. RIV. 6011.

SATURDAY, May 23. A.J.E.X. Stamford Hill Branch present a Grand Summer Dance at St. Martin's School of Art, Charing Cross Road, W.C.1, with Max Lewis (in person) and his Embassy Orchestra. 7.30-11 p.m. Members 4s., Guests 5s.

SOCIALIST Health Workers, Journalists, Lawyers & Teachers: Joint Dance, Fri., May 29, 7.30-12, Paviours Arms, Page Street, Westminster. Admission 5s.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall, Recital Room. Thurs., May 28, 8.15. Basil Lam Sonata Ensemble with Margaret Ritchie. Concert English Chamber Music incl. Purcell's Sonatas and Songs by Handel, Boyce and Arne. WAT. 3191.

ROYAL Festival Hall, Mon., June 1, at 8 p.m. Coronation Eve Concert, incl. 1st perf. of "A Garland for the Queen" (songs for mixed voices) and works by Purcell, Vaughan Williams and Handel. The Golden Age Singers; Cambridge University Madrigal Society. Section of Philharmonia Orchestra. Conductors: Boris Ord, Anthony Lewis, R. Vaughan Williams. 2s. 6d.-10s. 6d. WAT. 3191 and agents.

ROYAL Festival Hall, Sun., May 31, at 3 p.m. Apollo Society—Recital of Poetry and Music with Peggy Ashcroft, John Gielgud, George Rylands, George Malcolm and Mewton-Wood. 2s. 6d.-10s. WAT. 3191 & agts.

ROYAL Festival Hall, Recital Room. Sun., May 31, June 7 & 14, at 7.45. Three Mozart Concerts with the Martin String Quartet. Full progs. from Box Office—WAT. 3191.

A RECITAL of Music by Contemporary Composers, Wigmore Hall, Fri., May 29, at 7.30. Orpington & Bromley Choir's programme will include First Performance in England of Finzi's Magnificat, also works by Vaughan Williams, Benjamin Britten and Imogen Holst. Concert Management, Wilfrid Van Wyck. 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., at hall, Wel. 2141 and Agents.

AMADEUS Quartet: Haydn, Grieg, Beethoven op. 130. Mayflower Barn, Jordans, Sat., May 30, at 8. Tickets 6s. from H. Nicholson, Sunnybrae, Jordans, Bucks., or at door. Trains from Marylebone.

THEO Olof, violin, Liza Fuchsova, piano. Wed. next at 8 p.m. Wigmore Hall. 9s., 6s., 3s. Mgt. N. Choveaux.

ELSE Cross, Piano, Rosemary Rapaport, piano, John Davies, Clarinet. Fri. next, May 29, at 8. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. 9s., 6s., 3s. Mgt. N. Choveaux.

SHOSTAKOVICH, Prokofiev & others. New Soviet Tape-Recordings. Introduced Lawrance Collingwood. Wed., May 27, 7.30 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. & students 1s.) Refreshments.

EXHIBITIONS

STUDIO Exhibition, 53b Clifton Hill, N.W.8. Paintings, Sculpture, Pottery. Hilde Hamann, Paul Hamann, Fritz Kramer, W. H. Nessler, Jan Wieliczko. 2-7 p.m. inc. Sun. until May 25.

IRVING Gall., Irving St., Leics. Sq. Spring Exhibn. Water Colours. Ends June 6.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

"LONDON on Wheels." British Transport Exhibition of 19th Century Travel in London. Euston Station. Weekdays 10-7, Sundays 2-7. Admission 1s. (children 6d.)

DRAWINGS from the Witt Collection. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till May 30, Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6, Tues. and Thurs. 10-8. Admission free. Open Whit Monday.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork St., Old Bond St., W.1. Rodin: Sculptures and Drawings. Closing May 30.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. The Collections of Sir Edward Marsh and R. D. S. May, Esq. Also water-colours by Paul Nash. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Coronation Exhibition: Contemporary Eskimo Carvings.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Gustave Courbet (1819-1877). First representative Exhibition in England—In aid of Les Amis de Courbet. Adm. 2s., Students 1s. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

LE Cinque Terre and The Cinque Ports by Piero Sansalvadore. In aid of Save the Children Fund. Parsons Gallery, 70 Grosvenor St., W.1. May 27-June 20. Dly. 10-5, Sat. 10-1. Free. Exhibition will be opened on May 27 by The Countess of Harewood.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Henry Moore, Drawings. Dly. 11-6. Suns. 2-6.

GRAHAM Sutherland. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till August 9. Mons., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues., Weds., Thurs. 10-9, Suns. 2-6. Admission 1s.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman Street, W.1. Paintings by Margaret Marks. Until May 27.

WOOD Carvings & Bronzes by Marin Studin. May 12-June 5. Wkdys. 10-5, Thurs. 10-8, Sats. 10-1. Kensington Art Gallery, 15 St. Mary Abbots Ter., W.14.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George Street, W.1. The Sculpture of Giacomo Manzu. Until June 5.

ARCHER Gallery, 303 Westbourne Grove, W.11. The Tarot, seven cartoons by Rakoczi. Tues.-Sat., 10-5. Sun. 2-5.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Leon Underwood: Sculpture and Paintings—Retrospective Exhibition and New Work.

EXHIBITION: folk art and crafts from Poland at Polish Cultural Institute, 81 Portland Place, W.4. Daily 11-5.30. Wednesdays till 7. Saturdays 10-1. Adm. free.

SLATTER Gallery. Important Dutch Masters. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1. 30 Old Bond St.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Picasso 1900-1935. Daily 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1.

"THE Christian Theme in Contemporary Arts." 45 Park Lane, W.1. May 12-June 18 (Closed June 1, 2 & 3). Weekdays 10 a.m.-10 p.m. Suns. 2 p.m.-10 p.m.

THOMAS Churchyard (1798-1865). Paintings at Green and Abbott, 35 St. George Street, W.1. May 18-June 19.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: XXth Century Form: Painting, Sculpture and Architecture. 11-6, Sun. 2-6. Closed Mons. Closing May 31.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

TO Proclaim Christian Action to End Wars in Korea, South East Asia and Africa. Speakers: Rev. Canon Harman, John Burns (Pres. Fire Brigades Union), Miss Monica Whately, Rev. Dr. A. D. Belden, Rev. R. Mercer Wilson, and Miss Liao Hung-Ying (Quaker from China). Christian Peace Group, First Public Meeting. May 26, 7.30 p.m., Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Adm. Free.

KENYA—The Truth. Hear Joseph Murumbi, General Secretary of the Kenya African Union, Fenner Brockway, M.P., and Frank Beswick, M.P., Saturday afternoon, June 20, 1953, at Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, commencing 2.45 p.m. Please note change of date and venue. Adm. free, reserved seats 6d.; apply for tickets to London Co-operative Soc., Ltd., Political Cttee., Pioneer House, 348 Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1.

PROFESSOR G. Nandris on "Roumanian Folklore." Fri., May 29, 8.15. All welcome. No collns. London Br., Indian Institute of Culture, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Pl., S.W.1. May 30, 6 p.m. Ernestine Costa: "Bertolt Brecht." Scenes & Songs in German

H. J. BLACKHAM: "Professional People." At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2, Sunday, May 24, at 11 a.m.

MARRIAGE Law and National Health. The argument for Collateral Marital Union for both sexes after seven years' marriage. Edward Wilson, M.D. (Non-Register). Lect. Hall, 4a Inverness Pl., W.2. Sun., May 31, at 3 p.m. for country folk. Repeated at 7 p.m. Collection. Bayswater stations Circle and Central Lines. No further advertisement.

"HISTADRUT and Mapam": Mr. B. Linn (Histadrut Executive), Wed., May 27, at Mapam, 37 Broadhurst Gdns., N.W.6, 8 p.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, May 27, 7.30 p.m., at St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. "Prospects for a West Indian Dominion." Speaker: Grantley Adams, C.M.G., Q.C. (Leader of the House of Assembly, Barbados). Adm. 2s.

THE Progressive Business Men's Forum Intermonthly Meeting. Thurs., May 28. "Can we accept Soviet friendship?" Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. 7.30.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Friday, May 29, 8.0 p.m. Luigi Dallapiccola. Canti di Prigionia (Songs from Captivity) for Chorus with instrumental accompaniment. Gramophone Recital. Members 1s. Guests 2s. 6d. May 27, 8.15 p.m. Lecture: "The Portrait of the Artist in the Works of Thomas Mann," by Professor Erich Heller. Chairman: Roger Senhouse. Members 2s. (Non-members 3s.) May 28, 8.15 p.m. Architectural Criticisms. Coronation Decorations, by Sir Hugh Casson. Chair: J. M. Richards. Members 2s. Non-members 3s.

"SAGITTARIUS," Dorothea Dix Lawrence (American folk songs), & others will contribute to Shaw Society Miscellany. Fri., May 29, 7 p.m., 7 Albemarle St., W.1. Non-members 2s.

DR. E. Graham Howe will give his fourth lecture on Vitality at 7.30, Wed., May 27, at Assembly Room, Central Hall, Westminster (Matthew Parker St. entrance). Subj.: "Sickness and Health: The Problem of our Healing." Voluntary Contributions.

SOCIETY for Sex Education and Guidance. "Jewish Attitude to Sex and Marriage." Dayon Dr. I. Grunfeld. Wednesday, May 27, 7 p.m. Conway Hall. Admission free.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 7 p.m. May 24: "Karma—Its Scientific Meaning." All welcome. No collection. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. Leinster Terrace bus stop, Bayswater Rd., Paddington, or Lancaster Gate Stn., nr. Devonshire Terrace, Craven Rd.

BUDDHIST Vihara Society in England. Kingsway Hall (Oak Room), W.C.2, Wed., May 27, Vesak celebration. 7 p.m. Buddha Puja (gilam-pasa); 7.30 p.m. Vesak addresses. Speakers incl. Dr. A. P. de Zoysa, U Maung Maung Ji, M.A. (Cantab.), Mr. R. E. W. Iggleden. Chair: Lt.-Col. E. F. J. Payne.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

SOVIET Affairs. A week-end school, June 5-7, with Isaac Deutscher, Rudolf Schlesinger and Kenneth Younger, M.P., at Wilton Park, Steyning, Sussex. Apply: Fabian International Bureau, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

BRAZIERS Park, Ipsden, Oxon. Week-ends June 5-7 "English as a Foreign Language"; 19-21 "Beyond Democracy"; 26-28 "Painting and Modelling." Bookings: Checkendon 221

CULTURAL Holidays in the Tyrol, June, July, August. Combine a delightful Tyrolean Holiday at Koessen in the Inn Valley with fascinating Study Courses in German Language and Literature; Austrian History, Art, Music, Folk-lore, etc., under Faculty Members of University of Innsbruck. Inclusive charge (14 days, 22gns., 21 days, 26gns.) covers all travel, accommodation, meals, guides, lectures. Sleeper berths available for the night journey, supplement 3rd class 1½gns.; 2nd class—2½gns. After paying for accommodation, meals, etc., spending money available out of your £40 currency allowance will be £31 for 14 days or £27 for 21 days. Write for leaflet "1953 Summer Courses." Austria Travel Agency, Ltd., 90 Shaftesbury Ave., London, W.1.

NORTH-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Rd., N.W.5 (GUL. 1154). Full-time and part-time day courses beginning Sept. for G.C.E. Adv. level (Arts & Econs. subjects). Prof. business quals., Secretarial work, Management., Commerce, Shthnd.-Typg.

MEDICAL Secretaryships, Institutional Housekeepers, Dietitian-Caterers, Hotel Receptionists, Managéresses, Cert. Bk-kprs., success. Postal courses. Brochures 3d., Sec., Southern Training College, Brighton, 6.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. Gerrard 8531-2. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes, or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

COMPLETE Secretarial Training and shorter courses for graduates or older students at Davies's, White Lodge, 2 Addison Rd., W.14. Telephone: Park 4465.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management. Courses in English for Foreign Students. Special arrangements for graduates. Scholarships avail. Resident and day students. Apply J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab.), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. Ham. 5986.

GENERAL Certificate of Education examination. Boys 15-17 coached in three terms at day-school in Central London. Individual attention given. Details: Dr. Pamely, M.A., 1 Challoner St., London, W.14.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

INSTITUTE of Almoners. Training for Medical Social Work. Certain grants, in the form of bursaries, are to be available from public funds from the Autumn of 1953 to assist with the cost of the year's professional training a limited number of candidates who already hold a recognised University qualification in Social Studies. Preliminary enquiries should be addressed to the Secretary of The Institute of Almoners, Tavistock House North, Tavistock Sq., London, W.C.1.

PORTSMOUTH Municipal College. Principal, Wm. Taylor, D.Sc., F.R.I.C. The Arts Department provides regular full-time courses for the General Certificate of Education (Advanced Level) and for London University Degrees (External) in English, French, Latin, History and Geography. Classes begin Sept. 14. Applications & enquiries to Principal E. G. Barnard, Chief Education Officer.

ARTS and Crafts, former Professor American University offers individual or group courses, beginners or advanced. WES. 3785

INTENSIVE Secretarial Training (Gregg). Also evening classes shorthand, typewriting. Frances King, 3 Harrington Road, S.W.7. KEN. 4771, REN. 1806.

KYNASTON School of Pianoforte, 21 Denmark Ave., S.W.19 (WIM. 0168) and West End studio. Long est. reputation for musical training, Leschetizky technique. Pupils taken all stages. Prosp. & School Magazine "The Keyboard" from Sec. 'Phone or Write.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.); London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees; Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

TOUCH-typing and/or Shorthand. Private tuition. Bayswater 1786.

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TOUCH-TYPEWRITING in 12 private lessons. Peggy Sutton. FLA. 7967 p.m.

LANGUAGES incl. Russian, English for foreigners, in comf. informal atmosphere at Language Centre, Gayton Rd., N.W.3. Expd. teachers, mod. fees. HAM. 9097.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte playing. Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin L.R.A.M. BAY 2816.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

FABIAN Summer Schools, 1953: August 15-September 5, with Arthur Blenkinsop, M.P., Barbara Castle, M.P., A. J. Champion, M.P., C. A. R. Crosland, M.P., Tom Driberg, M.P., John Freeman, M.P., Geoffrey de Freitas, M.P., Rev. J. Groser, Denis Healey, M.P., Rita Hinden, H. D. Hughes, John Mackie, Kingsley Martin, Fred Mulley, M.P., Hector McNeil, M.P., Lord Pakenham, John Parker, M.P., Solly Sachs, Patrick Gordon Walker, M.P. Enqs. to: Schools Secretary, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

CHURCH Union: Summer School of Sociology at Jesus College, Oxford, July 27-31. Europe: A Problem of Civilisation and Christianity. Speakers: Lady Rhys Williams (Editor of the "European Review" and Governor of the B.B.C.), M. Robert Houben (Secretary, Parti Social Chrétien and member of the Belgian Senate), Professor Michael Fogarty (Professor of Industrial Relations, Univ. of Wales), The Revd. Patrick McLaughlin (Warden of St. Anne's House, Soho). Fee £5. For further particulars apply to Miss H. Highley, 9, Talbot Road, London, N.6.

WEDGWOOD Memorial College, Barlaston, North Staffs. (In Association with the W.E.A. North Staffs District.) Residential Summer Courses have been arranged in the following subjects: Trade Union Problems; Music; The Making of Modern Britain 1903-1953; Modern Literature; Science and the Modern World; Drama; Appreciation of Art; Economics; The Young Worker in Industry. Tuition in all courses will be in seminar groups conducted by Oxford University tutors, and well-known speakers will address each school. Fees: North Staffs students, £3; others £4 4s. (inclusive of board, residence and tuition). Some scholarships are available. Further details from the Secretary, Wedgwood Memorial College.

BRAZIERS Park, Ipsden, Oxon. July 17-27 "Holiday Painting and Modelling" (incl Pottery); July 28-Aug. 11 "International Seminar"; Aug. 19-Sep. 2 "Sensory Summer School" (study theme "Values in Conflict," dance & drama, painting, pottery, etc.)

HOLIDAY Course for Continental Students. The 7th Course will be held this summer from July 25-September 19. Young people of all nationalities over 15 welcome. English lectures. Graduate staff. All sports. Large estate, private beach, and plentiful food. Prospectus from the Secretary, Sizewell Hall, Suffolk.

HOUSE Party Holidays: at our seaside house parties in Sussex, Cornwall or near Windsor, you will meet interesting people and enjoy a good out-door holiday with bathing, tennis, dancing and foreign language practice. July 25-August 31. Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911/9225.

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